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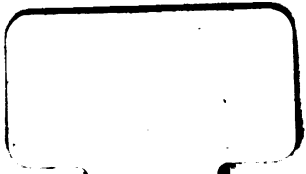

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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY HOWE,

OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

CONTAINING

SELECTIONS FROM HER LETTERS AND DIARY.

BY HER HUSBAND, John M. Howe

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

"The dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky."

NEW-YORK:

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DEDICATION.

TO MISS FRANCES RAMADGE HOWE.

My Dear Daughter,—Should your life be preserved until you arrive to years of maturity, a knowledge of the character of your own beloved mother cannot fail to be of inestimable value to you. To supply, as far as in my power, the lack of her own counsel and care, at a period when you may most need it, (which, had she lived, she would gladly have bestowed,) I have occupied the months immediately succeeding her sudden departure in furnishing you with this memoir, to which I have been the more prompted, by the very slight tenure by which, for several years, I have held my own earthly existence. If it tend to stimulate you to follow her example, by cultivating those vir-

tues which shone so pre-eminently in her character, and especially if it prompt you, at a very early period, to dedicate yourself unreservedly to God and his service, and to lead a life of faith and prayer, then will my labour of love be amply rewarded.

That you and I may so follow her as she followed Christ—that, after we have answered the end of our creation here, we may be permitted to be reunited to her loved spirit in heaven, is the prayer of your very affectionate father,

JOHN M. HOWE.

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INTRODUCTION.

IMMEDIATELY succeeding the sudden departure of the subject of this memoir, the writer felt it deeply impressed on his mind to prepare a brief account of her life and character, for the benefit of an interesting little daughter; that, should her life be preserved, she might, at a future period, have some knowledge of her beloved mother. He was the more prompted to the performance of this duty from the reflection, that ere that period should arrive, those who knew her best and loved her most, and who would delight to speak of her, might themselves be inhabitants of the spirit world. Accordingly, he commenced preparing such an account, with the intention of leaving it in manuscript; but, upon further reflection, he remembered there were many young ladies with whom she had been associated in sabbath and day schools, and otherwise, both in this city and elsewhere, by whom her memory was warm-

ly cherished, and who would esteem a memoir of her a precious relic. He therefore changed his original purpose; and, though unaccustomed to writing, beguiled the lonely months immediately succeeding her departure in preparing this little volume. He can hardly expect, however, that it will be interesting to persons in general, or that it will be free from defects, or that a husband's love should not have betrayed him into some unguardedness of expression; but if it be useful to some small extent to young ladies, in inciting them to follow her example, by placing their supreme affections on God at an early period, and in encouraging them to cleave to him during that season of all others the most important, when the character is permanently forming for life, and in leading them to live, not unto themselves, but to do good in promoting the spiritual and temporal happiness of all who come within the circle of their influence, then will his object be fully answered.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY HOWE.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY YEARS.

"Obedience is the first step toward religion. The fear of God must be taught by the parent, standing for a time in the place of God."—MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. MARY HOWE was the eldest daughter of Thomas and Mary Mason. Her grandparents, on the maternal side, were born in Ireland, and emigrated to this country in the year 1794, and took up their residence in the city of Philadelphia. Her great grandfather was made the subject of the converting grace of God under the Rev. Mr. Wesley's ministry, and was for many years an acceptable class-leader.

In this family, sacrifices had been offered to God upon the altar of prayer from one generation to another, and the restraining and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, exhibited in the consistent lives and happy deaths of many of its departed members, show plainly that it is no vain thing to serve the Lord.

Mrs. Howe was born in the city of New-York, on the 10th of August, 1818, and was dedicated to the Lord at her birth by prayer and supplication, and subsequently by the rite of Christian baptism, on which occasion the solemn vow was mutually plighted by her parents to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and as the earliest dawn of reason began to exhibit itself, love and duty combined to prompt them to commence its performance, knowing full well, "just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."

Religious instructions were considered to be of paramount importance: hence the first lessons taught her were about God, the Saviour, her own sinfulness, and religious truths in general, in a manner suited to her infantile capacity; and her feet were early directed to the house of God, where she was taught to reverence and worship in his holy temple. From her early years she was a child of much promise, being of an unusually agreeable disposition. There was such openness, simplicity, candour, and cheerfulness always displayed in her countenance and address, as to render her very endearing to her relatives; and even strangers, upon a slight interview, were so prepossessed with her appearance and deportment,

as to be led to form a high estimate of her character. For many, or all the excellences which she exhibited, she was indebted, through the divine blessing, to much amiability of disposition, the instructions and exemplary conduct of her pious mother, and more especially to the grace of God. But notwithstanding her many excellences, she gave ample evidence that she did not love the Lord, nor keep his precepts. Sometimes she was disobedient, and, when her will was crossed, would exhibit an unbecoming temper, and manifest a determination to have her own way; but by the steady restraints of her parents, which were not too severe on the one hand, or too lax on the other, she was brought to submit to their authority; thus laying the foundation for future obedience and submission to the divine will.

Her mind was early enlightened in relation to her lost and ruined condition as a sinner, and the great love of God in providing a Saviour to die for her; and daily did the prayers of her parents ascend to the throne of grace that their heavenly Parent would seal the instruction imparted, and early cause her to give her heart unreservedly to the Saviour; nor were their efforts altogether in vain, as appears from the following circumstance. When she was about

seven years of age she lost her little sister Anna, then in her third year, to whom she, her parents, and all the family were most devotedly attached. This death made a very serious impression on her mind. She murmured at the dispensation which had removed this darling from the family circle, and could not be reconciled to it. When the funeral was over, and the family were seated, reflecting on the mysteriousness of the providence which had removed the beloved child, she, after listening awhile to the conversation, thus affectionately addressed her parents:—"You have been the cause of my dear little sister's death: you loved her too much: you idolized her, and the Lord has removed her to show you what was in your hearts, and to humble us all;" and then she earnestly admonished them to love the Lord and serve him better, that his judgments might be averted for the future. The death of this little sister made a lasting impression upon her mind; and even up to the close of life she would speak of her with great warmth of affection. When about ten years old, she, with the rest of the family, was again called to endure a similar trial in the death of another lovely little sister, named Susanna Wesley. She grieved very much at parting with the dear infant, but her mind being better in-

formed in divine things, she did not murmur as on the former occasion. Mary was a child of remarkable judgment and strength of mind, and was undaunted and untiring in the pursuit of what she conceived to be her duty. It should be remarked, that her early years had been passed under the special guidance of not only pious parents, but her young and tender mind had not been corrupted by ignorant and superstitious servants. She was taught to fear God, and him alone; that in the dark, or in the light, he was about her bed and path, and so long as she was good she had nothing to fear; and that the greatest of all evils was sin; that lying or equivocation was a most heinous offence, and such an abhorrence had she for any thing like an untruth, that she shunned it as the greatest of evils. But as clear as were her views of moral evil, yet she ever regarded the worst of sinners and the most wicked children as objects of the Saviour's love. She had early learned that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life;" and she felt that if the Lord loved sinners, that she should love them too, and try and do them good. On this broad foundation, which was coextensive with the misery of the human fa-

mily, were based all her schemes and efforts of human benevolence. She was taught, too, to regard all the wretchedness and sufferings of mankind as having their origin in sin; and when she beheld poverty and distress, in their multifarious forms, it was but to pity and to awaken in her bosom a desire to alleviate them; which desire, to the extent of her ability, she endeavoured to carry into effect, being never happier than when upon some errand of benevolence. She possessed a sound, discriminating mind, with quick perceptions, a correct judgment, great physical and moral courage, a firm resolution, and much decision of character, which were exemplified by her conduct while passing through some of the afflictive providences which were permitted to befall herself, or some of the members of her father's family. But perhaps it would more fully appear from the following circumstances, when in her tenth year, while residing in the city of Troy. During the absence of all the family, except herself and infant brother, of whom she was taking care, the adjoining house took fire; and as she apprehended that the flames would spread to their own premises, she was in the act of taking the child to a neighbour's house, when, being met by her mother, who was has-

tening home, and who inquired where she was going, she replied, that she was taking the child to a neighbour's, and then purposed returning quickly to gather up the furniture, to be in readiness to remove it, if the flames extended to their dwelling—a procedure becoming a person of maturer years. In fact she was never, by any momentary casualty, thrown off her guard, or her mind driven from its balance: where many were excited, she remained quietly unmoved, and took time to think ere she spoke or acted.

On one occasion, when a young lady, while riding out, the horse took fright from a train of cars; and, notwithstanding the skill of an experienced driver, the horse ran, and turning from the road, soon threw himself upon a pile of timber. During this time she kept perfect possession of herself, and as the driver jumped from the carriage, he put the reins in her hands, while he, seizing the horse's head, held him down until assistance came, and all was properly adjusted. During all this time she sat perfectly composed, until her companion took his seat by her side, and they continued their journey as though the circumstance had not occurred. The secret of her self-possession and composure in times of trial or peculiar

straits arose from her confidence in God. She had not only been taught, but had received the truth, that he, the Almighty, not only governs the universe, marking out the course of the planetary worlds, and directing the affairs of nations, but that his care is extended to the smallest of his creatures; that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; and that even the hairs of our head are all numbered. Here was the ground of her confidence, even in her childhood. "God," she would say, "is my heavenly Father, and I can trust him in all circumstances, under all trials;" and though before she had obtained a sense of her acceptance with her Saviour by a knowledge of sins forgiven, this confidence was not exemplified as fully as afterward; yet such had been her education, that she was enabled to place very great reliance upon the Lord. Religion had constituted the first and most important part of her early instruction. She had been taught that it was her bounden duty to know, love, reverence, and obey God; to serve him with all her heart, and to love her neighbour as herself; and that the duties thus enjoined were not only to be performed at certain times, when her feelings led her to observe them, but at all times, under all circumstances, without regard to

frames of feeling, but from principle, or a sense of duty; and such, it may be safely said of her, was her constant aim. Though previous to her conversion, through the opposition that was in her heart to the reception of all the doctrines of the Bible, which sometimes, through the independence and strength of her mind, prompted by her unrenewed nature, she was led to attempt to controvert; yet so enlightened was she on most subjects connected with theology, as to be enabled to converse with very considerable fluency and understanding upon any or all of the doctrines of the Scriptures. But notwithstanding religious truths formed so prominent a part of her early education, her mind was not left undirected in such knowledge as would fit her for usefulness in any station in life which at a future period she might occupy. The principles which appear to have actuated her parents were, first of all to pay the greatest regard to that which was of the highest importance, the welfare and happiness of the immortal spirit, by the culture of her morals, and then to give a proper direction to her physical and intellectual powers.

Her education was thorough, in reference to first principles; nor was she suffered to advance until she understood the rudiments of the stu-

dies she was pursuing; and though her mind was not what would have been termed brilliant, yet she possessed an intellect which was capable of the highest cultivation. Add to this, she had also so eager a desire for useful knowledge, (for which she was indebted to the wise instruction of her beloved mother,) that she passed over many of the lighter studies, to grasp at the more solid and useful, esteeming the latter more worthy of her pursuit. She had, however, made some considerable proficiency in the French language, drawing, and music; but history, natural philosophy, &c., were studies in which she endeavoured most to excel.

She regarded time as relatively very short; that it was ever on the wing; and so much was to be learned and performed that was really useful, that no time was left for what was light and trifling. She also felt its value in reference to eternity, and could not be satisfied with herself unless she was engaged in such a manner as her own enlightened conscience and the word of God approved.

A circumstance, connected with a very severe sickness which she had while residing in the city of Troy, in the tenth year of her age, which it was supposed at the time would result in her death, will afford some illustration of her desire

for knowledge. After she had partially recovered, the physician who attended her, Dr. Skilton, became so much interested in her that, to afford her some amusement, he proposed instructing her in the study of botany, which proposal she readily embraced; and, by the use of plants which he was at the pains of procuring from the suburbs of the city, taught her practically the first principles of this interesting study, which subsequently she pursued with much pleasure.

But many as were Mary Mason's good qualities, well informed as was her mind, and moral as was her life, yet with all these excellences, her heart was unregenerated before the Lord; and this sickness discovered it to her in such a manner as she had not realized it before. When apparently near death, her physician tenderly informed her mother that she would not probably live till morning; and upon her being informed of her critical situation, she was awfully alarmed, said she was not prepared to die, and begged her mother to pray for her. She broke out in an earnest supplication for herself, humbly confessing her sins, charging herself with having grieved the Spirit of God by stifling conviction and neglecting duty. She plead with the Lord to spare her life, and promised,

if he would, she would serve him all her future days. She thus struggled in prayer for an hour. She then lay composed a few minutes, and turning to her mother, with a cheerful countenance, said, "Mother, I shall not die now, I shall live to see the morning light; I shall live to serve the Lord." An immediate change took place in her disease, and she recovered slowly

What an exemplification is here given us of the power of faith and prayer, and of the truth that the Almighty changeth not. He who heard the prayer of King Hezekiah, when he turned his face to the wall and wept, heard the prayers of her pious friends and of herself, and the evidence was communicated satisfactorily to her own mind, so that with confidence she was enabled to say, "I shall not die now, but shall live to serve the Lord." But when questioned afterward, she did not profess to have the knowledge of sins forgiven.

On September 18th, 1829, in the sabbath-school prayer meeting, where her younger sister, her cousin, and several of her school-mates were converted, she was greatly exercised, and somewhat comforted; but not feeling satisfied with her experience, she returned home, and without waiting to take off her hat and shawl,

she hurried to her room, and throwing herself on her knees beside her bed, she broke out in prayer, and in a few minutes shouted aloud, "I have found him! Jesus is precious to my soul! He has forgiven me my sins, and now he owns me for his child."

In a letter from her dear mother, addressed to Miss Mary Morgan, now Mrs. Eliphalet Wheeler, of this city, Mrs. Mason thus writes: —"I have good news to tell you; Mary and Elizabeth (Mary's sister) profess to have experienced the pardoning love of God. Last evening they returned from a prayer meeting, shouting the praises of God; and, running through the house into the school-room, fell upon each other's neck, weeping, and praising the Lord for what he had done for their souls. Such a scene I never witnessed: it nearly overpowered me with joy and wonder. Mary appears quite open and free to tell what the Lord has done for her, and you know the confidence we may repose in her profession." How much is implied in this latter remark of her dear mother! In fact, she had remarkable stability of character for one of her years, and was altogether destitute of any thing like dissimulation. She adds, "Help me to adore and bless the name of Jesus, our precious

Saviour." And under date of Nov. 24th, of the same year, she writes to the same person:— "Mary and Elizabeth continue to manifest a spirit of piety." And in another of Feb. 7th, 1831, she writes: "Mary is a great assistance and comfort to me. She appears to be much engaged in religion. I expect she and Elizabeth will be received into membership with the church tomorrow, having stood out their probation." The following letter from her sister Elizabeth, containing a further account of her early years, will be read with interest:—

"My earliest recollections of my sister Mary are connected with her affectionate care and tenderness for me, (though but two years her junior,) thus teaching me to look up to her as a counsellor and protector—a feeling which I never lost to the day of her death. Her industrious habits were distinctly marked when very young, especially her fondness for her needle. When Mary was about seven years of age our little sister died. To this child she was very strongly attached, and great was her grief at its death. After we were informed that our little sister was no longer living, our friends tried every inducement, even offering her money, to induce Mary to look at the corpse, but without

avail. The night following she wept incessantly. Her solemnity of manner, and the reproofs she gave me for my levity and playfulness I well remember. Directly after the funeral she was seized with the same disorder, (inflammation of the lungs,) which confined her for many weeks, and threatened to deprive me of *her* too. But an all-wise Providence spared her for other trials and more extended usefulness. The next year after her recovery from this illness we removed from the city of New-York to a small village back of Sing Sing. Here my dear sister pursued her studies, under the direction of our mother, to whom, even at this early age, she rendered herself useful in the family.

"The following year we removed to Newburgh, where we resided two years. To this place dear Mary was warmly attached, for there she spent many of her happiest infantile hours. She was fond of reading, in which she was indulged by our kind parents, who provided her with books suited to her age and capacity.

"To her sabbath-school teacher she was much attached, and was always a regular attendant at the school, with lessons well committed, though I do not remember her evincing any particular religious feelings at the time.

"When Mary was about ten years of age we removed to the city of Troy. A few months after, our infant sister, who had numbered but nine months, was removed by death. Her sufferings were extremely severe; and well do I remember the fervent prayers Mary offered up in her behalf, as we knelt side by side at our little bed. Death soon brought release to the little sufferer, and thus was Mary called again to part with one who had claimed much of her care and attention. At this time her resignation was a lesson even to our parents, whom she exhorted not to mourn, but to view it only as a providential dispensation to draw their hearts closer to him, by removing their idol. Shortly after Mary was taken extremely ill. Every thing that skill or affection could devise was tried in vain, and her case was pronounced hopeless. Our dear mother informed her of her critical situation, at which she was greatly alarmed. In the most earnest manner she requested mother to pray for her, and afterward prayed with the utmost fervency herself for a long time; when, turning to mother, she said, 'I shall not die now; I shall live to serve God in my day and generation.' Memorable words! spoken with almost prophetic truth. A great change had evidently taken place in her dis-

ease, and in a few hours she was pronounced out of danger. Thus was she again snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of death, in answer, as I firmly believe, to prayer. During her recovery from this illness, her kind physician volunteered to give her instruction in botany, for her amusement. She eagerly embraced his offer, and pursued the study with avidity and delight. The knowledge she then gained was of great use to her when perfecting the science, which she afterward taught with great pleasure and success. The religious impressions she received during that illness seemed gradually to wear off. In August, 1829, the family attended a camp meeting. Mary showed great aversion to attending the prayer meetings; and, though often solicited, she never would enter any of the praying circles. She did not hesitate to treat the subject of religion with marked indifference, and even scorn. This state of feeling continued after her return home. Indeed, her heart seemed so hardened, that no conversation, however pointed, appeared to move her feelings in the least. Her sabbath school, which heretofore had been a delight, now became irksome. I well remember the feelings of horror which pervaded our whole class when she openly declared, in the presence of our

teacher, her firm conviction that the Bible was a base fabrication, compiled by designing men! Such a state of mind could not last long. A powerful revival broke out in the school, and many of Mary's intimate companions were its subjects. She still kept aloof as much as possible from the means of grace, until one evening she was persuaded to go to a Sunday-school prayer meeting. While there the Spirit of the Lord wrought upon her most powerfully. She expressed her wish to be prayed for, and engaged in the exercise most earnestly herself. It was a glorious meeting. At its conclusion several of our young friends accompanied us home, rejoicing in what the Lord had done for them. Though Mary had experienced a degree of comfort during the meeting, she was not satisfied; but immediately on our returning home retired to her own room, where (without waiting to take off her hat) she threw herself on her knees in wrestling prayer. It was not long before she obtained the blessing, and rose from her knees shouting the praises of her Redeemer. A clearer conversion I never witnessed; and I have often heard my dear sister declare, that she never lost the witness she then obtained. She also often said, that the indifference she expressed for religion was only feigned; indeed,

that she was then under such powerful convictions that at times she could not sleep, fearing lest God would strike her dead for her great wickedness. From the night above referred to she was a changed being, exemplifying the beauty of religion in early life in all her actions. It hallowed her friendships, entered into all her plans, governed all her conduct, thus making her useful to her family, and a blessing to her friends.

"Nor was her zeal of that untempered kind that runs into excess, but always within bounds. An instance occurred about this time illustrating this. A number of her young companions were in the habit of holding a prayer meeting between school hours every day. Mary's judgment saw that *some* carried their zeal so far as to neglect their necessary school duties; and, indeed, were bringing a reproach on the cause by their imprudence. Never shall I forget her tone and look as she administered this short but effective reproof, 'Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' Through life this trait of character was prominent in her, she never neglecting one duty to perform another.

"She was much engaged at this period in her studies, in which she made good progress. Among other books which she read with great

delight were 'Pollok's Course of Time,' and 'Cowper's Poems.' History was a favourite study with her, as also was astronomy. She had a class in the sabbath school to which she paid diligent attention. She was also attached to a Bible class, which was met by the minister during the week. A Juvenile Missionary Society was formed about this time, which Mary took great interest in, continuing to be a zealous manager until our removal from Troy.

"My dear sister's sense of propriety was very great; and though so young she had all the dignity and sobriety of one of more mature age and experience. This trait was exemplified in all her intercourse with her companions, whether in the presence of elder persons or not. Strict adherence to truth was also one of her prominent characteristics. If she had the least doubt on a subject, she never expressed a certainty; nor did she ever give a high colouring to a subject for the purpose of effect. I notice this particularly, because I know her peculiarity in this particular was often subject of remark among her play-fellows. When she was about fourteen years of age she began to assist in teaching and taking charge of her mother's school, in which employment she continued

with but little interruption, though still continuing her studies, until her marriage.

"In the spring of 1832 we removed from Troy. The parting with her numerous friends there was a great trial to Mary, and she ever retained an affectionate regard for them. Indeed, to the sabbath school and Missionary Society our dear Mary owed much of the strength of character and habits of active usefulness which ever after characterized her. She was wont to recur to the period of her residence there as one of great happiness and much profit. The season immediately following that of our removal to New-York was the memorable one of the cholera. For several months we were in daily expectation of death's entering our household; but while surrounded by the dead and dying, we were mercifully preserved. During this trying season Mary's usual calmness still continued, while she performed her accustomed round of duty. In August of the same year she joined Dr. Reese's class, attached to the Greene-street church, then under the pastoral charge of Rev. P. P. Sandford. She continued a member of the same class, though under different leaders, until a few months before her death, when she joined one that met in her own house. She

soon became a member of the sabbath school, in which her active exertions were employed until the year of her death. The office of secretary she filled for several years in succession, and for one year that of assistant superintendent. She made herself intimately acquainted with the children, so that she could generally tell the circumstances of every child, as well as its general character. She was extremely fond of children, and had a peculiar faculty of governing and interesting them. In the Juvenile Missionary Society of this church she also took a most active part during the period of five or six years. Her counsel in matters of importance was always sought; and her long experience and sound judgment in missionary operations made it valuable. The performance of duty to her was ever a pleasure, not a task; for she looked not to this world for her reward; so that however contrary to her natural inclination, or however difficult, Mary never shrunk from it. Her fortitude under trials was an example to all who were acquainted with her. She had great faith in prayer, and was in the constant habit of making all her concerns a matter of prayer; so that when once convinced that the course she was pursuing was the right one, no temptation, however alluring, could make her swerve

from it. She was generally firm and decided, and seemingly always prepared for any emergency, however sudden. In time of danger her presence of mind never forsook her; and she always acted with the energy the occasion demanded. Her natural courage was very great, even from a child; and, when sanctified by grace, fear seemed to be a thing unknown to her. Her active exertions in behalf of the poor and destitute were commenced when quite young, and continued to her life's end. No matter how destitute, nor how fallen was the object, she never failed to devise some means of relief. She visited the abodes of the sick and afflicted frequently, and administered often, with her own hand, to their necessities. Many a widow's heart has she comforted. Neither did she forget to administer the consolations of religion, while she supplied the wants of nature. The excellent health with which she was blessed, during a period of ten years, enabled her to accomplish more than she otherwise could have done. Her own prediction that she 'would live to serve the Lord,' seemed fulfilled; for seldom has one who numbered so few years accomplished so much for the good of others as did our dear Mary.

"ELIZABETH MASON."

CHAPTER II.

HER MARRIAGE AND SUBSEQUENT LIFE.

"Joys of my early hours:
The swallow on the wing,
The bees among the flowers,
The butterflies of spring,
Light as their lovely moments flew,
Were not more beautiful than you."

To few young ladies has the spring-time of life ever opened with greater promise than to Miss Mason; and few could have formed a more rational inference, drawn from numerous concurrent circumstances, that her life would be protracted, useful, and happy, on account of a larger cluster of natural, mental, and gracious qualifications concentrating in her than usually falls to the lot of one individual. From the early period in which she had given herself to the Saviour, her time had passed pleasantly and swiftly away in endeavouring to perform acts of love and mercy to all about her; and her daily experience for the most part was,

"Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil;
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile;

Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord."

Thus was it with her as she was pleasantly gliding along through the sunny days of youth, and approaching that period of all others the most interesting, when the playfulness of the girl is giving place to the more staid character and habits of the woman. She wore the bloom of health upon her cheek, and her countenance beamed with vivacity and intelligence. Her spirits also were buoyant as the air, and her step elastic and vigorous, while her soul was sweetly breathing out peace and good will to all men. Having begun the world right in listening to the voice of inspiration, "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," she rested, with confidence, on the assurance that all things necessary should be added. With a mind at peace with God, herself, and all about her; a body in the most perfect health; respected and beloved, and perfectly divested of all anxious care for the future, realizing that all things were at the disposal of her heavenly Father, and that he was too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, and that all his dispensations, whether prosperous or adverse, were ordered with a wise

reference to produce her greatest good both here and hereafter, how could she be otherwise than happy? Nor was her happiness of a transient character, liable to be disturbed by every petty ill of life; but it was deep and permanent, springing from a source over which the world could have no control, even peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

In her eighteenth year, while enjoying the sweets of her own parental home, surrounded by loved ones on every side, whose mutual aim was to contribute to each other's pleasure; a period when the benignant rays of prosperity were shining in their meridian strength, ere the blighting influences of a cold world were even thought of; when all were happy, and the future gilded with the most pleasing anticipations; at this sunny time she received, unexpectedly to herself and family, a proposition of marriage from Mr. Howe, with whom, up to this period, there had been no intimacy whatever, but a mere passing acquaintance, growing out of the relations each sustained to the same church. They had been acquainted for years, and had cherished a regard for each other, founded mostly on their religious character: but although Miss Mason esteemed Mr. H. an upright man, who was endeavouring to serve

God, yet her knowledge of him being limited, and her affections already somewhat directed another way, she, after a few days' deliberation, declined accepting his offer. She was the more prompted to this course from the state of Mr. H.'s health, which was then such as to lead most of his friends to conclude that he was in a decline, and could not long survive. Her decision subsequently, however, gave rise to a considerable conflict of mind, which again and again she tried to settle, but still she remained at a loss to determine the path of duty. She sought the counsel of some judicious friends, but still there was much obscurity as to what was right. She feared lest inclination should lead her one way, while duty pointed out another; and in so important a matter as this, which was to exert its influence on her character and happiness surely for time, and peradventure for eternity, she felt that she could not enter into it without great precaution. She had recourse to secret prayer, and before the Lord she plead for divine direction. She remembered the promise, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths;" and in faith she waited on him, expecting to be directed. A few extracts from her diary will give the reader a clearer conception of her state

of mind, and more fully exhibit the rectitude of her heart, than any language of ours possibly can.

Oct. 10, 1836, she writes,—"My mind is very unsettled. I am undecided as to what course I should pursue in relation to certain circumstances. I am troubled, and fear that I have acted selfishly, unadvisedly, and foolishly; but I do desire to do right."

Dec. 25, 1836.—"And this is the last sabbath in 1836. How time flies! But my feelings this evening are past description. My mind is filled with opposing thoughts, which distress, perplex, confuse, and make me wretched.* I thought I had settled this subject with satisfaction to myself, but it seems not. An impression seems to rest on my mind that all is not right, but I know not how to act otherwise than I have. I must go to the Lord in prayer; but I have often gone, and seem to get no light.

"This is Christmas-day, and I have heard two excellent sermons, and felt indeed that 'Jesus died for me.' Another of our dear Sunday-school scholars, a little girl, was laid be-

* Her unhappiness arose, not from a sense of condemnation on account of sin, or from obscurity as to the evidence of her acceptance with God, but on account of the perplexity in which her mind was involved in relation to her duty.

neath the clods of the valley last week. She was at school three weeks ago to-day. O how short life is! I must pray to the Lord. O that the Lord would be my helper!"

The following entries from her journal, though they do not exclusively relate to the subject upon which she was exercised, yet as they afford additional evidence of the pious cast of her mind, are inserted entire. Under date of Feb. 6, 1837, she writes,—"It appears singular that I have not had opportunity, since my last date, of penning what I wished: but it has really been so. My dear little cousin Payson died on the 1st of January, aged six years and a few months. I went and stayed with the family some days following, and found it really good for my soul to be in the house of mourning. The death of this child has been a very great stroke to this family, he being an only one, and an extremely interesting boy; but the Lord knows what gracious designs are to be accomplished through this providence, though we cannot yet see them. Upon my return home, I found my little brother William and sister Jane both sick of fever, and our old tried friend Sally laid by with rheumatism. There was now need of patience, and I had recourse to the Lord in prayer that he would

keep me, though unworthy, and I have been sustained.

"Through all, I have been exercised upon a subject to which I have often alluded before, but now believe my mind is fully made up in a different way from what I had previously intended. A week ago last sabbath evening, after family prayer, I retired to my room, where I felt deeply impressed to pray to the Lord in faith to show me my duty, and his will, in this particular; and why not to-night, said I, as well as at any other time? Why delay? So I went into another room, and, kneeling down, gave my *whole* heart and my own will to the Lord, promising if he would show me what my right path was I would walk in it, if he would only help me *then* to pray in faith. There the Lord, I know, heard my supplication, and accepted my humble offering; for before I laid my head on my pillow I felt a load off my heart, and strong confidence in the Lord, and was enabled to trust him altogether with my cause; and the next morning, when I awoke, I felt a sweet calm in my soul that words cannot express, and confidence that I had the knowledge given me as to the course I should pursue. I know I was not mistaken, and I informed sister E. of my intentions. This afternoon I communicated

the alteration in my mind to Mr. H., with the assent of my heart, my judgment approving of the step taken by himself. In doing this I know I have involved myself in a way the consequences of which will prove serious, whether they prove prosperous or adverse; but my trust is in the Lord. If I dared, as a follower of him, to do otherwise, I would; but with my present views and feelings I cannot. I know I am young, and perhaps I do not weigh this subject as I should; but be this as it may, I have tried to act according to the best of my ability. I still feel the Saviour precious to me; but if I do not watch and pray I know I shall lose all I have gained. It is now past twelve o'clock, A. M., and I must retire. The Lord has given me grace to part with the 'dearest idol I have *ever* known,' and I will praise and bless his holy name for it.

"*Feb.* 12, 1837.—I am comfortable in my mind, and have a consciousness of having, I think, done right; but pride and other besetting sins yet rise in my heart, which by God's grace must be subdued.

'Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know.'

"*February* 13, 1837.—To-day I have been as busy as I could well be from the time I arose until now. At present I feel very tired and ready to throw myself on my pillow, but an inclination to write overcomes fatigue. We heard to-day that Mrs. M. A. Davis, formerly a pupil in our school, and a very dear friend of mine, has left these mortal shores; and, by the testimony which she gave ere her exit, has no doubt left mortality for glory. Mary Ann was excelled but by few (perhaps by none) in the excellences she possessed; I cannot speak *too* highly of her. She came to our school when about seventeen, and continued, I believe, until her nineteenth year. She was as attentive, agreeable, and industrious a scholar as we ever had. One of her remarkable traits was industry—especially in needlework; she was never without some piece of fancy-work, either for herself or friends. She possessed a sweet, amiable disposition; and never did I, to my knowledge, see her out of temper; always condescending and obliging as far as she could be; but 'twas religion, in a great measure, that influenced her deportment. Ah! yes; she sought and found

the Saviour while young; now witness the result! Beloved not only by her family, but by all that knew her, she continued faithful, and when she came to the borders of the grave, Jesus was with her, to help her to give her dying testimony of his love, and of her blissful hope and unceasing confidence. When asked what word she had for her brother Julius, who left here for Germany last June, her reply was, 'Tell him to meet me in heaven.' This brother and sister were very much attached to each other; he was but two years younger than herself. O, why has the Lord taken from the sight of her parents, of her brothers and sisters, this beautiful one? for she was the flower of the flock. We cannot say; but the Lord does all things well, and as Christians we must submit. Mary has been for three or four years the subject, and the perfect picture, of good health. She was married in June, and since then her health has been on the decline. Within a few weeks past, she has been confined to her bed at her father's* house at Manhattanville, with dropsy on the chest, of which she died last Saturday night, past ten o'clock, in her twenty-second year. Her remains are to be taken to the church at Harlem, of which

* Mr. Tieman.

she was a member, and a funeral discourse is to be delivered by Rev. J. Luckey. O, I hope this circumstance may incite me to more diligence in preparing to meet those who so rapidly precede me to the tomb—who die in hope of a better place than can be found here below! I enjoy excellent health, but I find *that* is no guarantee of life—we all must die. But when I see what the love of Jesus can accomplish, my heart says, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' For this I will pray, and for this I will live.

"*February* 16, 1837.—On Tuesday I attended the funeral of Mrs. Mary A. D. at her father's house in Manhattanville, and from thence followed her remains to the burying ground, near the Methodist Church in Harlem. From brother Luckey's address, it seems that she obtained the pearl of great price when but fifteen years of age, and as soon as she had found it, she ran and threw her arms about her mother's neck, and then her father's, kissing them both, and saying, 'I have found Jesus, of whom I have heard you speak so often;' and then she, in turn, saluted her brothers and sisters, who were in the room. From that time she has been an ex-

emplary Christian, and her whole deportment worthy of imitation. She was married about seven months, and died in her twenty-second year. To her dear brother in Germany she left her ring, with a message to him to meet her in heaven; I have said much about this, for it has made a deep impression on my mind, and I want this to look at hereafter, if I should live. This has been a trying evening to me in some respects. My poor —— was here, and we had a long talk together, in which I informed him of my late resolutions, and of the real motives which induced me so to act. We were both very much affected; but he said he felt resigned, as I thought myself in the path of duty, painful as the taking of this path by me would be to his heart. We both prayed aloud for each other's interest and future prosperity, and then he promised me that as long as he lived he should ever consider me to have been, and yet to be, his sincere friend, and also that he would endeavour to serve the Lord with all his heart; so, if he does not, I stand ready to witness against him. We then parted as affectionately as we ever met, and I trust with as good feelings, but, according to our present understanding, never again to meet on the same confidential terms as before. Now it is

done. And if I did not feel that in duty to my heavenly Father I must make this sacrifice, no earthly consideration could have induced me to do it, as it has been the very sorest trial I have ever had to encounter, or perhaps ever will have to go through. There are, however, peculiar circumstances which at times cause my mind yet to vacillate, but I believe if I do but walk in the fear of the Lord, all things will work together for good. O, that I had a spirit of prayer that would prevail!"

The conflict which was passing in her mind during a period of some months was entirely unknown to Mr. H., whose health at this period was so feeble as scarcely to permit him to attend to his accustomed duties. The disease under which he was labouring had assumed the character of pulmonary consumption, throwing a blight over all his earthly prospects; and he was led to the conclusion that the time was not far distant when, in all probability, he would be removed by death: but upon the communication being made to him of the change which had taken place in Miss Mason's mind, he thought it to be his duty to enter into the engagement, leaving the result to the control of Him at whose disposal is life and death. So impressed, however, were the minds of most of her friends

at this time with the belief that Mr. H.'s life would be very brief, that they considered it injudicious on her part to form such an alliance; but passing by the opinions of many on whose judgment she placed a high estimate, she retired to her room, where in prayer she sought direction of the Lord, and this being obtained, she fearlessly went forward regardless of consequences; though for a season after this her mind was in no small perplexity. Under date of March 13, 1837, in a communication to Mr. H., she writes,—

"I feel now that I have deliberately and sincerely made up my mind (for the sake of the cause of God, for your sake especially, and for the sake of my own soul) to accept of the kind provision you have offered me, and hereafter (if you do not become tired of me) I shall endeavour, as far as I have ability, to encourage you, and share, as far as I can, with you the toils and pleasures common to an earthly existence, having, at the same time, perfect confidence in all you have said, and believing that you will always try to perform what you have promised. I wish you to tell me when you observe any thing in me which you do not like, or see me do wrong. I shall take it as right; and, besides, I think you ought."

thing else. So if I do not serve the Lord as I ought, I shall be without excuse on any hand, and great will be my condemnation. I feel that the Lord approves of the relation into which I have entered, and if we depend upon him for help, we shall have his approbation until death. I am determined to be better, depending on the Lord for assistance.

"*Nov.* 20, 1837.—Heard —— preach this morning from, "Thy kingdom come," and this afternoon, brother Stead, and enjoyed his sermon, which was in real old-fashioned Methodist style, very much so indeed; and in the evening listened with a prayerful heart to my dearest friend ——. When reading, after returning home, my mind was filled with delightful emotions, and I felt the Saviour very precious to me. My heart was drawn out in gratitude that I ever tasted his love, and learned to follow on in some of religion's ways. I praised the Lord for all his goodness to me, and fell asleep with the blessed assurance that I was owned and watched over as a child of his, and awoke in the same frame this morning, with a text of Scripture on my mind, which I cannot now recollect. In prayer I entreated the Lord to enable me through the day to keep in sight my utter dependance, and to rely

on him from moment to moment, as my only strength; and I bless his name to-night I feel that I have, by so doing, passed through the various temptations and changes of my day's labours without a condemned conscience; but,

'In vain I attempt to describe what I feel;
The language of mortals for ever must fail:
My Jesus is precious, I love him the best,
Without him I'm wretched, but with him I'm blest.'

O that the Lord would keep me from stumbling now! and I know if I but watch and pray he will. Sabbath was a very profitable day to me: I listened to a sermon in the morning from, 'Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward,' which we see daily illustrated in our own experience, and also that of others with whom we have intercourse.

"*Dec.* 3, 1837.—The weather to-day, and for the week past, has been so very mild as to astonish us. It is now sabbath evening, and another sabbath less is allotted to me on earth. While at sabbath school I was very busy in making some little preparations for our anniversary. I don't know how the result will be. The former part of the day I felt comfortable, but now my mind is excited; I have had to talk against my will about many things which I do

not wish to talk about on sabbath, but yet I do not feel condemnation for these things. I wonder if my heart is hard, and my conscience seared? I do not think they are; I am sure I am aiming to do the thing that is right.

'Lord, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.'

I love my dear parents, and brothers, and sisters, and would do any thing to the furthest extent for their good, and I look forward with perfect anguish to the time when I shall be obliged, though by my own consent, to tear myself away from them, and nothing but the assurance that grace will be given supports me now. I am going to kneel down and ask God to comfort my heart before I go to sleep, and give me perfect peace, that I may awake in the morning somewhat prepared to undertake the duties of to-morrow. O for religion enough to live above the petty turmoils of my humble life!"

LETTER TO MR. HOWE.

"*Feb.* 18, 1838, 9 *o'clock, P. M.*

"Well, I suppose, dear John, as I have not heard of or seen you to-day, you are enjoying

yourself with your friends at Rahway, and I am left to get along as I best can. I began to think this evening that it was a great blessing that more ways than one had been invented for conversing; and I concluded, as I need not hope to talk to you verbally, I would try what a pen would do. I have been sitting with the children in the basement until the heat of the room has made me quite sick; but as they are all now in bed, I have taken possession of the school-rooms, and the contrast is very pleasant to me. I thank you for letting me know your views and feelings about your indisposition, and endeavouring to lessen the anxiety, which it is but natural to suppose it would occasion me: but really it has not given me much uneasiness; and this has not been because I have not felt for you, or believed it was not really a trial for you, (for you know I would do any thing in my power to make it otherwise if I could, if it was right that it should not be so,) but it has been through the loving kindness of the Lord, who has, by his grace, made me to feel in a great measure as I think it is my duty to feel. To be sure, I cannot help being sorry, in one sense, that you are deprived of what you have enjoyed as such a privilege, namely, offering the gospel to many that stand in so much need of

its blessed influences, and encouraging those who have already tasted of its benefits; and also that I am denied that which I have so much loved—hearing you exercise in any way. But when I look at it in the sense that it is the Lord's good pleasure, I am satisfied. And now, John, I have felt, ever since we have stood in the endearing relation to each other that we do at present, that the Lord has been in the whole transaction—approved of it—and watched over us with peculiar interest: not that we have deserved it more than others, but because it has pleased him so to do. When you first felt your throat diseased, I did not anticipate the ailment would be as serious as it has proved to be; but as it is, I don't think I have felt like complaining. I have shed some tears about it, and I believe our heavenly Father means in this the rod for me as well as you; and with you I feel *like humbling* myself before him, acknowledging it but just that I should be brought to feel my utter unworthiness of all the innumerable mercies he is continually bestowing upon me, and my continual dependance upon him. I believe, as strongly as I believe any thing, that the Lord loves us both, and would not afflict us if he did not see it to be especially necessary for our welfare. Perhaps we are too much taken up in thinking

of our anticipated happiness, and not thankful enough for our present prosperity. As for myself, I expect to have something worse than this to feel yet. My confidence in God has been stronger for two months past than I ever recollect to have experienced before. I know, I feel, that he will do all things well. I have, for some weeks past, given you entirely into his hands, knowing that he would not chasten you more than is needful. When your services are required again in his vineyard, you will be made fit to go to work. In the mean time I have prayed for submission, and I praise the Lord that I have it. But you must pray that I do not let go what I have gained, and my last state be worse than the first. Although your voice is hushed, we do not know for how long, and the Lord will raise up those who will take your place; and though you have tried to discharge faithfully your duties, who can tell but they may be ten times more useful than ever you have been! At any rate, whatever else is denied you, you cannot have taken from you the privilege of prayer and the exercise of faith; and the Lord will hear you (if you submit) in behalf of those who take your place. Why, when I consider that you might have some affliction which would deprive you of your rest day and night,

and me of your company, I cannot think of complaining at all. And your profession is another item of thankfulness: if you were engaged in many branches, you would be obliged to quit altogether; but now you are enabled to do just exactly as you please. I entirely concur in your opinion respecting the south, the doctors, and the remedy. I confidently believe rest must be the grand cause of a restoration; and if you should never be restored, all we will or can do will be to pray for patience and submission. And suppose you can never preach or sing again, the Lord will find ways enough to make you useful. I never expect you to enjoy as good health as *I do*, because you have not the foundation laid for it, and too many years have passed by for you to lay such a one now; but no matter, I shall love you just as much. I smiled when I read, 'All thoughts of the itinerancy are at an end,' and thought, John's faith don't go that far I see: why, really, I dare say the Lord has raised up men to labour in that work who were worse off than you are in many respects; and if it is intended that you should go too, I rather think you will be amply prepared for its duties. I have thought, perhaps I have spoken too lightly—with apparent indifference—about your indisposition in your pre-

sence lately; but if I have, it has not been because I did not feel, but because I had some immediate reason for so doing; and I hope, or I know, you will forgive me. My greatest sins, I believe, have been rebellion or obstinacy against God's will and ways, which I knew to be right; and sometimes I know I never would have given up had it not been for the fear of everlasting destruction. In this instance I do not feel so: it is because I love the Lord, and because, through the intercession of Jesus, I have obtained favour in his sight, that I am thus comforted and consoled. I will praise the Lord with you; and if we always put our trust in him, we need fear no evil. When I look forward for many years, I think, 'O how can I keep faithful (if I live) for so long a time? what an undertaking it is!' But when I remember that I have not to live by the year, but by the moment, through faith in Christ Jesus the Lord, I am encouraged, and say, 'I will try it.' I hope now you will not feel uneasy about me, for I do cheerfully acquiesce; and when you see me doing wrong, do tell me of it. I firmly believe as long as I love the Saviour I shall love you, and the more I love him, the better will I be enabled to love you as I ought. I feel chilled now and had better retire; but when I pray

for you I must pray in submission, and if you are no better to-morrow, I will say, 'It's very well.'

"This verse has been running in my mind:

'When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.'

"So no more, but good night. From your own MARY."

"*March* 21, 1838.—Mr. H.'s indisposition still continues, and many of his friends are very anxious for him, and strongly advise that he should try a voyage to some southern port, and he is much disposed to do so; as for me, I do not doubt but that it would be very beneficial to him, and that he would return greatly improved in health, if the Lord intends that he should recover. I am thankful that I feel as I do; for if it were otherwise, I should be very unhappy. I am astonished at the way in which I am supported by the Lord. All anxiety for the future seems to be taken away. O how good religion is for every thing! I desire to do what is right.

"*April* 3.—To-day in body I have not felt very

well. In school this morning I had not energy to go through my accustomed duties, but had to leave the room: this arose from being too much fatigued on sabbath and yesterday, and also sitting up for two nights very late, and then rising too early this morning to see two of our little girls (boarders) set out for a visit to their homes. I have enjoyed, for so many years, such uninterrupted health, that I often think I am very impatient under the least indisposition. Last Monday evening week I was elected assistant superintendent of our sabbath school, and another was elected to the office of secretary, which I have filled, to the best of my ability, for more than three years, being about sixteen when I was chosen. I reluctantly gave up my old office to take a more responsible one; but as it appeared to be the general wish of the school, I at last consented; and when I entered the schoolroom last sabbath I felt that if I was in the line of duty the Lord would be present with me, and strengthen me; and he was. In the morning I felt very much encouraged to believe and go on; and in the afternoon, while at the regular prayer meeting of the school, as we were singing,

'Children of the heavenly King,'

my soul was blessed abundantly; and when I

took up the cross to pray, the Lord filled my mouth with arguments, and I felt as though Jesus would own the feeble efforts I may be able to make in this school. And ever since then my mind has been stayed upon my Saviour, and I have not the least doubt of my acceptance. Jesus is my all in all. Yesterday morning, while hearing one of my classes in our day-school, I had such views of the condescension of God in giving his Son to die and to intercede for me, and of the benefits of that atoning death and prevailing intercession, in the knowledge that my sins were pardoned and I accepted of God, that I was almost constrained to praise him aloud, and I had soon to seek relief in retirement; and to-night my soul is happy in the love of the Saviour. Mr. H. appears considerably better, for which I feel thankful, and hope that it may be permanent; but in this I endeavour not to have any will of my own. I know his affliction has been made a great blessing to me: I trust we shall never regret our acquaintance, but ever lay up our treasure in heaven, that our hearts may be there also.

"The thought of the time drawing nearer every day in which I shall probably be removed from a home which I have ardently loved, and

where I have spent the happy years of childhood and youth, causes me to feel sad at times; but then when I remember that what I do I believe to be right, I feel relieved, and know that the Lord will bring me through this as well as every other trial in safety and peace of mind. In him will I put my trust. I must watch and pray much, or I shall lose what I have obtained.

'This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.'

"I have lately heard from Troy that the Lord has been reviving his work there graciously this winter, and many promising young people have been brought into the fold. O Lord, carry on thy work, till all shall know thee."

Mr. H.'s indisposition still continued, and, in the opinion of some intelligent physicians, was assuming a more serious character, upon which occasion Miss Mason wrote,—

"Mr. H. is shut in, in consequence of the weather and his sickness; but I am not uneasy; God will take care of him in the best way, and whatever that way may be, I trust to have grace to submit, even if it should be to remove him away from me in time. Yet this thought is inexpressibly painful to my heart. O! the Lord I know will do all things well."

"*March* 11, 1838.—In thinking about leaving my own darling brothers and sisters, I am consoled, in a great measure, by the consideration that it has pleased the Lord to turn their faces Zionward before I shall be called to part with them. I am much resigned when I reflect, that if my sister Anna proves faithful, my sister Elizabeth, who has been my companion in every thing temporal and spiritual, will have one in a measure to supply my place. O, my Saviour, keep them in the faith until death! But what can I say for myself? Why this: the Saviour is precious: I love him more than I ever did before. I have cast all my care upon him; yes, all, and he intercedes for me now. I do trust in him more entirely. I know there is no other way to live religion than by looking unto Jesus by faith every moment. Last evening I attended a Saturday evening experience meeting, where all were privileged to speak of the goodness of the Lord. There were some who testified that they were cleansed from all sin. I had strength given me to proclaim Jesus' love to me, and of my confidence in him as the one who shall be my everlasting salvation. I have had quite a trial lately in the bodily indisposition of my dear Mr. H., who has not been able to preach or lead his classes for three months

past, owing to the utter prostration of his voice. But I have given him up to the Lord, and realize that I must hold him with a trembling hand. It is the Lord who thus afflicts us, and he only can heal; and if it please him, he can raise him up, and if not, I pray for submission, and the Lord will impart it. I have it in a measure now, but may stand in need of much more, and how soon I cannot tell. My mind is greatly relieved from anxiety for the future, which I esteem a great blessing. This afternoon I visited a sister who seems to have given herself over to despair, in reference to her soul's salvation. She once enjoyed the witness of the Spirit, but has lost it, and now thinks there is no mercy for her. She will not take the Saviour at his word. I tried to talk with her, but felt my deficiency very much. I then read some hymns to her, and prayed, and felt refreshed myself, although she appeared not to find any comfort. O! if she would only look to Jesus, that dear friend of sinners, she would soon be blessed. Well, now I must try and live nearer to the Lord the coming week.

"*May* 13, 1838.—A month has passed, and no entries have been made in my book. I have tried several times to write, but could not accomplish it, having been very busy. My dear

father has been confined to his room for a fortnight, and sister Elizabeth has been sick, and both our domestics; but they are all now, I think, mending. But what can I say of myself? Why, for the last month I have enjoyed my mind exceedingly: my trust has been in the Lord. Mr. H.'s health seemed better until within about ten days, when he began to droop again, and now he is much the same as he was two months ago. We had anticipated, ere this, being united in the bands of wedlock, but sickness has prevented; and now a new trial presents itself, which I deeply feel. Within three days Mr. H. has been informed, by several of the most eminent physicians in the city, that one of his lungs is diseased, and that nothing but a sea-voyage will afford any permanent benefit. And now it seems to be duty that he should go abroad."

This proved a sore trial to Miss Mason at the time, as Mr. Howe and herself had made much calculation on enjoying the approaching season in their own dwelling. The disarrangement in consequence was such as, for a few days, to quite unsettle her mind. She doubted the propriety of Mr. H.'s going abroad alone, in his feeble state; yet there were objections in her mind in reference to her accompanying him. She adds,—

"Difficulties arise in every view of the case; but the Lord must direct, as he only is able at this critical period to guide us aright. O that I could hold on to the Saviour by faith! I am much afraid that I shall let go my confidence in the providence and grace of God, and if I do I shall sink—*sink*. How uncertain every thing here is! Mr. H. has furnished his house, and we have anticipated much enjoyment; but a reverse has come, and instead of enjoying the endearing society of each other, and home, we must separate for a season, and perhaps for life. O my Saviour, help us at this period! O that the Lord would show us what is right! I know he will not forsake us. O my precious Jesus, I will love and praise thee still, though in affliction! O Lord, make me resigned to all thy dispensations! My chief comfort in my dear Mr. H.'s case has been the belief that his lungs were entirely free from disease; but now this hope is torn suddenly from me. I will not, however, complain; but be thankful that it has been discovered to him in time to enable him to prevent its progress.

'Father in heaven!
Behold, he whom I love is daily treading
The path of life in heaviness of soul,
With the thick darkness now around him spreading.

He long hath striven;
O thou most kind, break not the golden bowl.
Father in heaven!
Thou who so oft hast heal'd the broken hearted,
And raised the wearied spirit bow'd with care,
Let him not say his joy is all departed,
Lest he be driven
Down to the deep abyss of dark despair.
Father in heaven!
O grant to his most cherish'd hopes a blessing;
Let peace and rest descend upon his head,
That his torn heart, thy holy love possessing,
May not be riven,
Till he shall praise thy name in realms above.'

"*May* 15, half-past seven, P. M.—This evening I find my mind calmer than it was last night, although I awoke this morning with a heavy heart; and through the day my feelings have overcome me several times. But now I begin to feel better, my faith is stronger. O, I know my dear Saviour will sustain me. He is a friend that sticketh closer to my heart than even my dear J., to whom I have given all the allowable affections I have for this life. We are called to pass through a severe trial, but the Lord knows what we need; he loves us, and so he chastens us. O that we may not become weary of his corrections! I will add, Jesus is precious to me now, and I will put my trust in the Lord. Now I must go and pray for more grace.

"*May* 17, 1838.—Yesterday was one of trial to me, and my feelings were of the keenest kind. Separation appears almost like death to me; but I must give up. This morning I awoke about five o'clock, with my mind in a violent state of conflict between a sense of duty and feelings—between nature and grace.* For an hour it seemed as though I should sink; but at last I said, 'I will give up all into the hands of the Lord,' and I was enabled to do so, and felt some comfort. Still all day my thoughts have been much on this subject; and although I have been to the house of mourning, I fear I have been selfish in regarding my own feelings more than those of others. A dear cousin† has been removed by death. The 29th of April, a year ago, I attended her wedding, and now she is no more. She has gone, and left a babe four months old. Her end, we believe, was peace. We have now concluded, all things considered,

* Mr. H. was very desirous that she should accompany him abroad, but it was judged most prudent that he should go alone, and that the consummation of their union should be deferred until his return; but from his very feeble state, many doubts were entertained whether he would survive, and in this view of parting it was exceedingly painful.

† Mrs. William Morgan, daughter of Thomas Truslow.

that my dear J. shall go alone. This afternoon we have conversed about it more, and found much comfort in prayer. I feel that Jesus has answered my prayers and blessed me; and now I am happy, and would praise the Lord aloud! O how good the Lord is to me! and it is a comfort to Mr. H. that my mind is so sustained. If it were not for this good religion, what should we do? Lord, give us more of it. Help me to keep faithful to the grace which thou hast so graciously imparted."

Mr. H. had anticipated sailing south; but he had delayed it from time to time, heping, as the spring advanced, a voyage might be unnecessary. Now, however, as the summer had fairly commenced, and there was no improvement in his health, a European voyage was deemed necessary. He was the more led to this as, in his walks in the hospital, he became acquainted with a young man, the son of an old Wesleyan minister;* himself, but a short period previously, one of the most promising young ministers of the Wesleyan connection, and stationed in Bath, England, but who, while in a state of mental aberration, produced by intense application, had wandered over the sea; and, being pennyless and sick, had been brought to the New-York city

* Rev. J. Hodgson, of Middlesboro-on-Tees, England.

hospital, where he had lain for some weeks. He was greatly desirous, once more, to reach his father's house in the north of England. Through the kind co-operation of F. Hall, Esq., and Dr. Reese, Mr. H. had been greatly assisted in making the necessary arrangements for his return. Yet so indisposed was the young man as to prevent any ship-master from taking him, fearing he would die on the passage. After several unsuccessful attempts by Mr. H., with Mr. Hall's assistance, to obtain a passage for the young man, he having been thrice conveyed to the ship to be put on board, and each time rejected, Mr. Howe was induced to take a passage for England for himself, partly to ensure one for the young man, concluding this circumstance was an additional indication that in so doing he was moving in the order of providence. Accordingly, on the 7th of June, 1838, Mr. H. sailed for Liverpool, on which occasion Miss Mason wrote,—

"*June* 7, 1838.—My J. is gone, and perhaps we shall never see each other more on the shores of time; but if it please thee, O Lord, forbid that it should be so. During the night the rain poured in torrents; but this morning, as soon as I awoke, the wind blowing from the west caused me to feel deeply. O! the thought of separation, the uncertainty connected with it,

and death, were dismal indeed. A few minutes past ten a carriage rolled to the door; I went as far as the stairs, but soon retreated to my room, feeling that it was easier, under the circumstances, not to see each other, than to say farewell, perhaps a last farewell, or until we meet again in the world of spirits. O, my Saviour, wilt thou support him while on the boisterous deep, and as he wanders abroad in distant lands! O strengthen his mind and body to endure this severe dispensation! Open the eyes of both of us to see the design of this providence. Lord, I commit him to thee. If consistent to thee, O spare him to me and his friends. Now I must try what prayer will do; for unless I receive heavenly support during the absence of one who is dearer to me than any other earthly friend, and whose sentiments accord so exactly with my own, that, if it should please the Lord to spare us, I know we would be happy, if faithful in his service, I know not how I shall bear the separation. O, my Jesus, take care of my J.: give him kind friends: may his life be precious in thy sight: restore his health, if it please thee, and let me hear his voice and see his face once more!"

Under the same date, the day of his departure, she addressed the following letter to Mr. H:—

"*June* 7, 1838.

"Except the consolations which the gospel is capable of affording, health is and ought to be considered the greatest blessing that is allowed to us on earth; and we are doing wrong when not using every reasonable means to gain or to retain it. The above, my dear John, are the true sentiments of my mind, and make me willing to consent to your setting out upon your contemplated tour. Unless one is supported by religion, what comfort can be taken through a feeble, sickly life? Of what avail are all the pleasures, which those in health delight in, to him? But to one in good health nothing, generally, appears too much to accomplish; and yet in this very many are mistaken. You have known, in youth, what health was; but through imprudence you lost it: and now, (if to *be* regained,) through prudence, you must regain it. As for me, I never have been sickly; but I have had four very severe attacks of illness, and each time came within a hair's breadth of dying. But for the uninterrupted health I have enjoyed for the last eight years I have been, and still am, very grateful. As for you, I have felt deeply your indisposition, and more particularly of late. Your constitution, from the doctor's trainings, constant debility, and violent

exercise of mind, has been so materially injured, that it is almost too much to suppose that it will ever return to its original strength; yet it may be so. But be this as it may, for several years past you have been, generally, on the mending order. You look better; your spirits are more buoyant; you accomplish a greater amount of business; and had it not been for a local affection, (the throat and chest,) probably you would say now, 'My health has not been better for ten years.' But, my dear J., the Lord would not permit this; he chooses that you should endure this also, and that, too, under the most peculiar circumstances. In this you are not alone involved, but your Mary also. I have felt it to be so from the beginning. But why should we complain? Have we not blessings above thousands? Are we not blessed in the prospect of being united, which we will be, if the Lord pleases? Have we not enjoyed each other's society for months past with the most friendly feelings, and with an abiding sense that our acquaintance was not displeasing to Him? And, as Christians, if we believe the doctrine that 'man is born unto trouble,' why should we be surprised that we have our share? What better are we than others? We have professed to be the children of the Saviour—the disciples

of Christ; and, as his children, God has a right to do with us as seemeth good in his sight. If he loves us, he will chasten us; and let us not become weary of his corrections, because they are sent in mercy for our good. I fully believe, John, that unless we had adversity to contend with, we should soon find our affections to have a fast hold on earthly things. In reference to your going away, I feel that it is right that you should go; and humbly trust to the Giver of all good for your safe return. A very great trial it certainly is, but greater have been endured through the strength of Jesus; and that strength is as free to us, and we have as much right to claim it, as any that have gone before us. Nothing but the love of Jesus can fill the time or console our feelings while absent from each other, so as to make us feel happy at all: but this can, and it becomes our duty to embrace it through prayer and faith. Although I feel sad that I cannot accompany you for your own sake, yet, as things are, I think it had better be so, and you must think we have done the best we could.

"Now, my own dear J., I want you to go off trusting in the Lord for the best. If you *become* very sick, look to Jesus, and hope to *grow* better. Don't, for your health's sake, bring up

to your mind a thousand misgivings, forebodings, and disagreeable thoughts; but try and look ahead, and remember I faithfully promise to take care of my health for your sake in your absence.

"I will pray more, go to class, try and obtain more religion; and I suppose all I can do for you will be to pray for you, and think about you. Try and be contented. Farewell, my dear John. For ever yours, MARY.

"P. S. I wish I had more religion, and I mean to have, if I live; if I don't, I shall never be much help to you, I fear. So talk plainly to, and pray for, your own MARY."

"*June* 8.—Received a note from my dear J., dated Sandy Hook, 3 P. M., by the pilot. So far pretty well: his blessing for me and his friends; farewell, &c.

"A second night has come; the time passes quickly away. I have prayed heartily to the Lord several times to-day, and am comforted. I have endeavoured to put every thing into his hands. My J. shall be committed to his care, and I am sure he will not forsake him, because he is the Lord's by every tie, even by adoption and by a covenant; and he has gone abroad,

believing it to be his paramount duty. The Lord bade him go, and try to recover his health for future usefulness, and to conform him more to his blessed will in all things, that he might be prepared the more fully for enjoying everlasting life, and perhaps to find out more clearly what course he is to pursue when he returns.* These afflictions are for our good, or the Lord would not permit them, though, through our short-sightedness, we cannot see it now; and though we do not know the end from the beginning, yet we may use the means, and trust in the Lord for his blessing. Prayer, earnest, faithful, believing prayer, has virtue. But what should we pray for? Why, entire resignation to His will in all things. O that we both, though now hundreds of miles apart, might have our perverse, stubborn wills entirely lost in the will of God! I feel more than ever convinced that we should be wholly devoted to God now, and that if it please him to disappoint our expectations, *well*—we will trust in the Lord. And now I must discharge my duties, as usual, only with more diligence: I must visit the sick, try to obtain more religion, look to Jesus for support continually, hope for the best, and endure, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, knowing that

* In reference to the ministry.

the prize lies at the end of the race. O Lord, assist me to do right in all things; give me peace of mind in believing. I praise the Lord for religion; its consolations are without price —more than tongue can tell.

"*June* 9.—For the most part my mind has been calm to-day, although much taken up with a multitude of things. Well, Saturday night again. Another week gone into eternity. The transactions that it has borne away in its flight will be brought up at the great day of remembrance. To-morrow will be the sabbath; may I be prepared to appreciate its privileges, and diligently to discharge my duties! After committing my all, by sea and by land, to the care of Him who never slumbers or sleeps, I will try and seek repose myself. Why is it that the Lord hears prayer? Because Jesus died, and now lives to intercede in our behalf. He is pleading for us continually, and the Father cannot turn away the presence of his Son. O what a blessed Saviour!

"*Sabbath* 10.—This has been a profitable day to me. I retire to rest trusting in the merits of the Saviour to save me from all fear that hath torment. Attended the sabbath school, and preaching twice; partook of the sacrament, and attended a prayer meeting.

"*Monday* 11.—In company with sister, called on Mr. H.'s mother, who seems to feel deeply on account of her having consented to his going abroad alone; but I am not sorry. I don't wish him back. I believe it to be right that he should go, and if we all live we shall see.

"*Tuesday* 12.—Attended class, and found it good to be there. I have just heard of the death of Mary C. D——n, a school-mate of mine eight years ago. She was about seventeen years of age. Dropsy had confined her to the house for months. For some time she could not bear that the subject of religion should be spoken of, though brought up in a Sunday school, and her parents members of the church, even before she was born. O how foolish and dangerous to put off religion to a sick bed! but I believe she gave hopes of a preparation, or a change, ere she died. Her death was sudden. She walked about her room this morning about eleven o'clock, and in a few minutes after expired: the water had reached the heart, so as to produce instant death. Death awaits us all."

LETTERS TO MR. H., WHILE IN ENGLAND.

"*Ten minutes to* 10 *o'clock, P. M., June* 18, 1838.

"Although I suppose George will write to you by this conveyance, (the Great Western,)

yet I well know a letter from Mary to you, my dear John, will not come amiss at all. But don't be alarmed at the size of it. I thought, as I had not spoken to you in a fortnight, a sheet of foolscap would not be large enough to do up two weeks' talking in; and the more especially as before you left you limited me to one letter: so I think I have full liberty to write as large a one as I please. I have just come up stairs, from having performed the duties of family prayer in the absence of mother; so you see I am able to work yet.

"Well, now, I expect this to find you better, both in body and in mind; but if the contrary should be the case, never mind, try the land breezes; see what they will do. I don't believe you were to go for nothing at all. Don't despair; all will come right yet, although perhaps it has never been wrong. We will probably see why it has been right. If you are rid of the throat and lung troubles, never mind if you are weaker generally, you will get strong again. But ever since you have been gone I have not been able to find out a reason why you should not endure sickness as well as others, who have gone longer voyages, and in a much weaker state than you were. I am glad to inform you that I enjoy my health well. I don't think I

shall get the dyspepsia, hypo, or any thing else. I have not once felt as anxious to see you as I did when you were sick those few days last winter; and altogether I have not felt your absence as much as I anticipated. I account for it all, however, in this way—namely, the unbounded mercy of the Lord toward me. O John! without his aid nothing of an earthly kind could have comforted me; but when I have God for my friend, all other resources seem to dwindle into insignificance. If it had pleased the Lord, for a time, to withhold the consolations of his Holy Spirit from me, I should have been miserable: but it has not been so. I have been encouraged continually on every hand. I never before so much felt my own helplessness, and my utter dependance upon a higher power; but now I know, of a truth, that 'the Lord is a refuge in the time of trouble,' and will never forsake those who put their whole trust in him.

"But I had better stop soon, as it is time to seek rest. I hope I won't have such an unpleasant dream about you as I had last night. I will tell you, because I know you are not superstitious about such things: I thought that, instead of going to sea, you had been, unknown to me, sick all this time at home, and that one night after I had retired to my room very weary,

the bell rang, and pa came to my room, and said, 'J. M. is very ill, and has sent for you to come and see him before he dies.' I arose, took some of our girls with me, and sallied out in the night on the mournful errand. When we arrived, I sent the girls home; the door was opened to me by the doctor, (a stranger to me,) who said you were in a hasty consumption, had not long to live, and the reason they had kept me in ignorance was, they had been hoping to see you get better. I went into the room; but my feelings got the better of me, and I retired. I mustered courage, however, went in again, and to your bedside; but I hope I may never see you look as I thought you did then. You coughed almost incessantly; but I smiled, and began to encourage you that you would recover; and, in the course of half an hour, to the astonishment of your ma, the doctor, and all present, you were sitting up, and looking more like yourself. But I don't know what the end was after all. So you see what I can do when you get so *very* sick. But, after all, it was nothing but a dream, and the only time I believe you have troubled me when asleep since you have been away. So good night, and I hope and pray that the old ship will let you sleep.

"As soon as you were gone I felt that nothing but the grace of God could sustain either of us; but I knew if we really and humbly desired it, it would be given us. For you I could now do comparatively nothing; but I knew the Lord Jesus could do every thing for you, and be more to you than I and all the world besides. Into his care, with faith and prayer, I endeavoured to commit you until he should see fit to let me see you again; or, if that should never be, I know it will be because he knows what is best for us. And I firmly believed, too, that you would not be afflicted beyond what you could bear. I soon began to see so much to be thankful about, that I felt it to be sinful to complain about any thing at all. I feel that you have done right in going. I have not wished you back once, or felt much anxiety about your welfare. If you return well, every thing will be made up; and if you do not, which I hardly think will be the case, we must hope for the best. I feel to-day a strong confidence in my Saviour—a sweet peace of mind, and a conviction that, as long as I submit *cheerfully*, I shall be blessed; but if I should begin to murmur, and be less watchful and prayerful, I should immediately feel unhappy and miserable. So my dear J. make yourself perfectly easy

about me. My cough is much better; it will wear off of itself, I think; it hurts me a little to take a long breath. I can't sing much—so I feel more like pitying you than I did. I went to brother L——'s class and my own too last week; have attended sabbath school and church twice each sabbath, and also the youth's prayer meeting, and in the evenings stayed at home.

"E. and I went to the hospital after class; saw sister Felters in the hall. Mrs. Machett is there still, and was so ill last week they thought she would not live; but she is now better. All talk of removing her to the alms house appears to have stopped among the overseers. I had money for her—but Mrs. F. said she had some, and I had better keep it awhile. Mrs. Hilton and I succeed very well. Mrs. F. further said that there was yet some hope of Mrs. M.'s sister taking her away. We will try and do our best for her. I intend to take Mrs. Hilton with me to see her. Brother Ludlum* is doing very well; though, you

* Mr. Ludlum was so much injured by several compound fractures, received from becoming entangled in the machinery connected with the steam engine at the Methodist Book Room, as for several months to place his life in imminent danger. He suffered greatly from sev-

know, the heat must have been much against him during the past week. He was moved into the hall, however, and the physicians seem to have more hope now than they have entertained yet. He is very weak, and in pain from his wounds, which are bound *very* tightly, in order to accelerate their healing. But yet, I think, if he recovers, it will be equal to a miracle.

"Your ma wishes me to try and dissuade you from preaching so much, when you return. But this I cannot do; if you are called to preach, (which I never doubted,) I am not sure but you should leave every thing else to do so, and trust in the Lord, especially if your health should be restored; and yet the idea of the itinerancy is revolting to me in some of its features; a foreign mission appears far more agreeable. But I know what the matter is—I have not yet humility enough to bear all things as I should. I think a good deal about it—I never wish to hinder you in any way. I have felt a great desire ever since you have been

eral surgical operations of the most painful nature. His mind, however, was kept in such perfect peace, and his soul so sweetly filled with the love of God, which was exemplified by his cheerfulness, patience, and resignation, as quite to astonish his physicians and others who had the care of him.

away, that the Lord would give you some opportunity to be useful while gone. I have prayed that, if sick, you might have friends, patience, and religion given you; and at any rate, that you might find Jesus to be all and in all, under all circumstances. Well, John, the old ship, and sea, are not out of mind a moment. But I could have no more hope in your case than I have—I am contented. I am comforted at the reflection that if, in conscience, you could have avoided going abroad, you would not have gone; and, if the Lord pleases, we shall see each other again; and if we do not, it will be because the Lord knows what is best for us. I have been reading 'Baxter's Converse with God in Solitude,' and find it suits me very well.

'He sees and knows our wants, and gives
What best for each will prove.'

As you have leisure sufficient, you will not think my letter too lengthy. May the Lord bless you!

'Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd.'

Just as I was going to fold this I tore off a corner of it; I can't stop to copy now. You must excuse all errors and mishaps. Good by.

"I had this folded and sealed, but open it

again to-night on purpose to make some remarks to you about preaching. My mind is much exercised in reference to your joining the conference when you return. It seems to me that preach you must, if you ever want *real* happiness for yourself, or enjoyment with me. You know my mind about it—I have told you often my objections. I know your feelings on the subject; but if you are called to preach, (it is a high honour and privilege conferred on you,) it should not be lightly treated. You are not called, then, to live like other men of the world, in ease, and to make money; but to try and save souls, &c. Think of it, pray about it; but, John, don't hesitate on my account, I'll go with you.

"Are you sick? If you are, I am sorry; but don't despair: you will, I dare say, soon recruit; don't make yourself uneasy about any thing here—all is going on well. I have all the papers you left me, and received both your letters. Get well as fast as you can, come home in one of the packets, with an American captain, and be assured that you will again find in New-York warm friends and a hearty welcome. I feel assured that the Lord will do well for us, and if it is right, let me see my own dear J. M. once more *in this world*. What

a blessing it is that we have the privilege of knowing how to write. If G——ge sends his letter to Liverpool I shall direct mine to London by a packet. How is Mr. Hodgson? I am sorry I did not see him. He has not been forgotten in New-York. I hope he has done well. His going with you has given me much encouragement as to your reception in England. I don't feel as if we were ever to live here like G——ge and H——ter, but that is what you would like, provided you could preach *a little*. O, no! my J., I fear it will not do. What is there that should hinder you more than others from going out and trusting in the Lord? What are we better than those who have been tried in this way before? And, John, what station is there on earth so high as that of an ambassador for Christ, called by the Most High? I feel deeply impressed about it—excuse my plainness of speech; but I have always opened my whole heart to you, you know. Query—Fix it as you can, would it, could it, be wrong for you to enter unreservedly into the ministry? Do you think any thing more about the Sandwich Islands? Well, John, I am your Mary still whether you get better or get worse, stay here or go away ever so far; and if your life is to be one of trial, I go heart

and hand to share it with you; I deserve nor wish no better lot than yours—you know

'The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.'

From your affectionate MARY."

"*Tuesday, June* 29, 1838.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—This afternoon sister E. and I went to the hospital to see Mrs. Machett. About a fortnight ago she was very ill, but thinks her disorder has changed materially, and now she hopes she is much better than before you left her—her mind is comfortable. E. and I sung the hymn, commencing—

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds;'

then I endeavoured to pray. She was very grateful for our visit, and I enjoyed it much. I don't think they will remove her to the alms house. I left her some money; but she does not need much there, unless she gets able to go out, when I think she will need some articles to make her comfortable—and then I will try to see that she has them. Mrs. F——rs was very kind. I don't wonder, my

dear J., you loved to visit there. They speak in the highest terms of you, and I am sure the Lord owned your labours; but, after all, I fear it was not a proper place for you in regard to your health.

"If you received my last letter you will not value this much, as in that I gave you many particulars. I am not anxious about you at all, but am perfectly contented that you have gone, although I think you will be a loser to a considerable amount in a pecuniary way; but what is that in comparison to health? I have felt all the time that you are in the Lord's hands, and he would take care of you in a manner that would be best for your own good—and as for me, I have been encouraged and blessed on every hand. The Lord has been so good to me that I feel almost ashamed at having felt so sad at your going away; stay as long as you think it will be of service to you; I am not unhappy at all. We have not made our summer arrangements for the country yet, but I expect to stay at home during August. My mind is much exercised about your entering the travelling connection. I feel as though we were both called to leave the world, friends, and every thing, for the sake of Christ and perishing souls. I am straitened for time now, or I

would say a great deal to you about it. But I am satisfied that the principal objections that weigh with you and me are: 1. The love of ease; 2. The love of money, (in a partial degree;) 3. The natural pride of our hearts, and a deficiency of faith in our heavenly Father, who has so repeatedly promised always to be with those who forsake all for his sake. And now, dear J., you know I have always said I did not wish to hinder you; but I fear I have made you too desirous of enjoying life here as many others do. That you may live here and enjoy religion, I doubt not; but I think you will continually be brought through trials of various kinds, and although we may have, perhaps, every thing around us outwardly that can contribute to domestic happiness, yet, John, you have often said to me, 'Preach I must,' and if this be true, making money, and living in New-York, will leave you, (especially after you are married,) so little time to study, that you will never make such a sermon as I should delight to hear you preach, nor attain to such a station as I should dearly love to see you occupy. Now, John, you know how proud I am, and there never was a girl that loved housekeeping affairs better than I do. A good house, complete in every thing, has always

been my delight, and always would be, if it were right for me to enjoy it; but this I doubt. Now if the Lord has called you to preach, I can't, for my part, see why *you* are not to go out as well as the rest that go; and if it is duty, you will be happy—and if you are happy I am sure I shall be. I believe if you were once fairly in the work, you would be happier in every way than you ever have been, and what do we want in this world but what, by some means, we will be provided with? I expect you will begin to say, 'Mary has forgotten my health.' No, she has not, and thinks of it often, with a prayerful heart, that it may be restored, not so much for her sake, as for the sake of the gospel, which she believes her dear J. has been given talents to proclaim, which he ought to improve. But I believe if the Lord means you to 'preach the gospel,' when you set about it in the right way, then you will have adequate health given you; but I do not think it would have been so if you had remained home this spring. No; I confidently believe it was the will of the Lord that you should go abroad, and that I should be deprived of your society, which I have always valued so highly. I have written to you just as I would have talked to you had you been here. The above are my candid sentiments;

and as you will have time to reflect upon them, I hope you will ponder them well. If I have been too plain, excuse me; *that, you know, is my way.* Brother Ferguson has gone to work, like a faithful pastor, visiting the Sunday school, hunting up delinquent members, &c. He consents to let you stand as leader of the Friday afternoon class, and brother Phayre will take a transfer to Greene-street, as our leader, until you return. Sister F—g—n will be an efficient help to us in spiritual things. I have continually committed you to the Lord, believing he would take care of you. Be of good courage: there are many here who never forget you in their prayers, and earnestly desire your recovery. I hope you enjoy your mind well: I know you do if you look to the Saviour as you ought, which I have prayed that you might be enabled to do. Things in the city are about as you left them. Don't be uneasy about me; you know I understand my constitution pretty well. When this cold is fairly gone, I will soon get stronger, I think. Little Frank gives me much employment. I intend to write by the packet on the tenth, and if you should get this, you can judge whether you can make it convenient to get the other, if you should not be in London the last of July; and if not, you must

think we are all doing as well as we can. The children all send their love. E. sits by me with F——k, and says, Tell him not to forget 'America' on the 4th. Affectionately,

"MARY."

"*Sunday evening, July* 8, 1838.

"Well, John, it seems as if the time you had been away is lengthening, at all events; for this is the fifth week, and it is almost gone. To me they have passed quickly, and pleasantly, on the whole; but to you, I fear, they have been more gloomy and lengthy, as I know you have been deprived of the public means of grace, and the society of those whom you love to be with, while I have been favoured with them, much to my edification and comfort. But, dear John, while I have thought of you, especially on Sunday, with affection and sympathy, I have been greatly comforted at the recollection that God is omnipresent; that while he has been observing the thoughts and desires of my heart, he has, at the same time, been witnessing any situation in which you have been placed, and standing ready to afford relief, when you should call upon him in faith, *nothing* doubting, just as much as though we were both seated in the same church at home. If I had thought, at

any time, that you would give up your confidence, and cast away your shield, I should have been anxious, indeed, about your welfare; but as it is I am not. I know that your spirit is sorely tried, but it is by the Lord; and he does not send his followers a warfare at their own charges, but has promised that grace that shall ensure *certain victory;* and this grace, I have felt, would raise you above all trouble, bodily and mental, render your soul happy amid every thing, and encourage you to run the harder in the heavenly race. If it were not for afflictions, we never would estimate, as we should, the vanity of every thing earthly, and appreciate the intrinsic value of religion. Every thing here that appears perfect will soon show itself not so. There will be an end to all perfection of this nature sooner or later. I have been to Sunday school twice, partook of the sacrament, and heard two sermons—in the morning from brother H., and afternoon from brother Creagh—subject, the Christian warfare, or race, Heb. xii, 1, 2. I knew what was coming, when he began an allusion to the Olympic games, &c. You have read Dr. Clarke's comments on this passage, I dare say. I have heard those words preached from very often. It was an excellent sermon, delivered with much energy. Old

father Scobie* looked as if he wished he had come to the end of his race. At communion, the remembrance of this day two months ago, when you were in the altar and anticipating your departure, rushed upon my mind; but I did not feel sorry or cast down, but endeavoured to say, 'All is just right.' But I tell you what I did think of wishing, that I might see you, some day, pastor of a congregation, administering the sacrament, and doing all in your power to further the best interests of your charge. Thus far it looks pleasant; but well I know there is a darker side: but in this world we must take bitter and sweet together."

"*Tuesday morning*, *July* 19.—My dearest John,—When I wrote the above, I intended to send this by the packet of the tenth, but concluded, the next day, to defer until the twentieth; and I have tried several times, since writing the above, to resume, but something has invariably hindered.

"Nearly ever since you left the weather has been extremely warm: it is said to be the hottest we have had in nine years. This, as far as I can remember, I think is true. Last week was almost intolerable; it seemed as though we

* He is now in heaven.

would melt away. Many sudden deaths occurred. It is reported, by the inspector, that seventy-one died from drinking cold water and from heat, besides one hundred and fifty-eight from the usual diseases, making a total of two hundred and twenty-nine. Philadelphia reports two hundred and thirty-one. Notwithstanding, the city may be called healthy. There appear to be no malignant fevers, or any thing of the kind, prevailing. At the hospital the numbers in the medical wards are small for this time of year, but the surgical department is pretty full. Mrs. M—h—tt is doing well. I went to see her last Saturday morning, and took sister F—u—n with me. I think she could give no better evidence than she does of a change of heart; but she does not yet seem to feel entirely resigned to die in the hospital. Poor thing! I don't wonder at her feelings; but I think she is endeavouring to get rid of them. She seemed pleased with our visit, and she and sister F——rs talked very affectionately about you. She said you were very kind and useful there, and your memory is cherished by many; and I feel thankful when I think you have been, through the blessing of God, the means of saving some souls. It is my opinion, that if Mrs. M—— does not let her mind worry her,

no one but ——. I might go too, but I don't wish the house to be shut up; and I would rather, on the whole, stay than go. I will feel so pleased when I can be by myself—all alone in this large house—no one to disturb me. As long as I have health, work, and books, I ask not for much company during the vacation, to while away the time. I will be contented enough with these, and the comforts of religion. My dear J., I am completely tired of the noise and bustle of our house, and I want a resting time at present. This month, two years ago, was the first that you let me know your mind concerning me; but how different my feelings are now from what they were then! The tables are now turned: what a change two years can make! My daily prayer is that you may return in better health; but health, or no health, I trust I may see you here again. Sometimes I fear I am too selfish in my feelings, and wish you to return more to please me than any thing else. I know this ought not to be. I desire to feel resigned to whatever is right. I feel, at present, quite contented: my spirits are just as good as when you were here. I miss you, to be sure; but then I always think I have so many blessings and comforts around me, of many of which you are deprived, that to complain would

be wicked indeed. I hope you are improving in body. I don't wish you home until it is right for you to come: of this you must be the judge yourself. I want to see you most when I get very tired, (and that is very often,) and feel as if I could do nothing but sit down and talk; but I don't sit down and cry. I generally get a book to read that will put some good thoughts in my mind, or else go to prayer, singing, &c.

"You don't know how often, since I began this letter, I have been tempted to give up completing it, for fear you would never get it; but then I have thought, as you might not look for it, you would not be disappointed if you never received it; so no harm would be done. I live in hope. I hope to see you in about two months, recovered from your throat complaint. I don't care so much about your being strong and hearty, for you can recruit here; but if we never meet here again, I hope, I know, if faithful, we will see each other where parting and disease are unknown, and where all is joy and peace: yet I trust that we will be preserved to serve the Lord together, do good to others, and enjoy the world as true Christians. Now do try and enjoy yourself. We are happy enough here. Don't get mopish, but get well—if you can.

Come home in good spirits, and you will find a hearty welcome to many hearts. Mr. Phayre gives diligent attention to your class, and is useful. If you have patience to read this, you will deserve some credit; but as you have plenty of leisure, you will not be greatly wearied with its perusal. I shall not write again until I hear from you, and perhaps not then. So good by. From your affectionate

"MARY."

"*New-York, Aug.* 15, 1838.

"My Dear John,—Your letter of the 27th of June and 3d of July came to hand on the 25th; and as I had not set my mind upon hearing from you until the 1st, I learned so much the sooner of your arrival at Liverpool. Although you did not say that you were better or worse, yet, from the whole tenor of your writing, I saw that you felt almost discouraged, and was not a particle better. But really I did not expect you to feel much better so soon, especially as you had been so very sea-sick; and I was quite sorry to hear of your thinking of returning so quickly: however, I thought in a few days you would alter your mind, and therefore I did not look for you much in the Great Western. But I assure you I was very glad to hear by her from you,

and feel much obliged to the Hodgsons for detaining you against your will; also for their kind attentions to you. George and I both wrote by the Great Western, which sailed from here June 18th; but I don't know whether he directed the letters to London or Liverpool, (I have not had an opportunity of asking him,) but if to Liverpool, they must have reached there about the 3d or 4th, as the Western had a passage of but twelve and a half days to Bristol. I thought they would be there almost as soon as you. I am sorry you did not get my letter at that time, as it would no doubt have saved you much needless uneasiness about me, and told you much that would have made you feel quite comfortable. I wrote again by the Sirius, to London, on the 25th, and by the packet President, the 20th of July, (directing to Mr. James R——ll, No. 7 King-street, London,) not thinking you would remain in the north of England so long; so if you do not hear from home it will not be my fault. You are on my mind continually, and yet I have not wished you back once. My health is much better than it was in the spring: my spirits are just as good as when you were here, and I am, I think, more engaged than ever; so you may judge what I have to do. I would get along very well if I did not

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get so wearied by night; but I am never happier than when working for others, so no matter about it.

"Mr. Ludlum continues to improve; has the bandage off of one leg, and his arm; can feed himself, and appears to be in a fair way to get well. I have not heard from Mrs. M—— in more than a week; then I was at the hospital. She was very ill. I don't think she can live a great while; yet she may. She loves you very much, and would like to see you once more. Her mind seems to be in a good state. Poor thing, she is a victim to her own self-will! Miss A——a C——k's indisposition still continues. She wrote to me, that if you came home no better, she would like to spend the coming winter with you and me in Kingston, Jamaica. Her pa spent a winter there, and found the boarding cheap, and climate delightful. I promised her to tell you.

"Now, as to yourself, I have not at any time felt sanguine as to your recovery. I have regarded the means you are trying as an experiment—but one that had much probability of success. I should like it better if you could spend some time in the south of France. I have never felt sorry that you have gone, and without me too. I firmly believe it will be a

lesson in our experience which we will not easily forget; and I know it is designed for our good; and if we do not improve it, more trials will be sent. The Lord has been very good to me; the bitterness of this cup has been taken away, and I never realized so much before my utter helplessness and unworthiness, and the all-sufficiency and willingness of Christ to save to the uttermost. As respects you, my dear J., I have not feared that you would die, or never return; but in regard to your health, I have felt differently; (I was aware that the Lord knew your heart and mine;) and, if right, would restore you: but I have felt as if it rested, in a great measure, with yourself; that unless you freely gave up your own will in every thing, and was completely resigned, you would get no better. I have prayed that you might have friends in a strange land, and grace to bear all you might be called to endure; and when I read your letter, I felt to praise the Lord that my prayers had been answered in those respects; and, indeed, I have felt a continual consciousness that Jesus was with you. The text, 'I am thy God, and I will be thy salvation,' has often comforted me; and, my dearest John, if the Lord sees it necessary, to the salvation of both or either of us, that we shall never meet again,

I will not say it is hard, but praise him who so careth for our souls as to chasten us, that we may have everlasting life. I know there is a sort of stubborn, sullen resignation, because one cannot help what transpires, and therefore might as well endure it as complain; but I don't think I feel so: I should wish to be delivered from such feelings. It is a great thing for a Christian to say, sincerely, 'Thy will be done.' Almost every thing (perhaps all) is comprised in this, namely, what he must do and suffer. It may be that in their execution, plans of our own, which we deemed devised to the best of our judgment, (and in prayer too,) are turned aside; what is dear to us, as our own lives, taken from us; something placed before us to do that we are not willing to do, (your preaching, for instance;) perhaps the very light of God's countenance taken away for a while, to try us; but then, in the exercise of a lively faith, a true follower will still, pleading the death and intercession of his Saviour, say, with submission, 'Thy will be done.' I feel condemned when I recollect how often I have used the words, without reflection on their import. The resignation of to-day will not answer for to-morrow. Every day brings its own trials: but when one gives up rebellion, and not only

learns, but loves to submit, all is calm; and he is ready to say, 'Peace, be still.' Such a state can, I know, only be attained by those secret communings with our Redeemer which produce humility, shut out hypocrisy, and are the very life of devotedness to him. Sometimes, when leaving secret prayer, I feel as though I never knew trouble, nor ever should know it more. My heart covets these precious seasons above all earthly things. Do you remember saying to me one morning, several weeks before you left, 'Mary, you must try and exemplify the Christian?' Well, my dear J., I have tried; and if I have in any way succeeded, it is of the Lord, and I desire to love him above every other thing, and for no other reason than that he first loved me. May we both continue steadfast. I shall think of you when in the Great Western; but fear shall not take hold of me. As you may again be sea-sick, I do not expect to see you improved in looks. If your lungs are as sound as when you left, and your voice better, that will be a great deal to be thankful for. You did not tell me what the doctors said about you; but I think it probable enough they said, 'You must not preach.' If my mind is troubled about any thing, it is about your preaching. And I tell you now, that if your voice is restored, I am of

the candid opinion that you ought to enter the work with your whole soul. As for me, if I am at all a hinderance to you, I'll say, Go about thy Master's work unshackled; but if not, I give up all for your sake and the sake of the gospel. If it is your duty, I will be happy. If I had room I would say more; but let this suffice, that I consider my conscience clear, as I have never willingly done or said any thing to hinder you. It rests now, my dear J., with you to go or stay. May the Lord preserve my dear John, and bring him back to his affectionate MARY."

The following is an extract of a letter to Miss F., dated Oct. 18, 1838, a few days after Mr. H.'s return from England, in which is stated, at some length, the means which were blessed to Mr. Howe's recovery. As the consumption is so prevalent in this country, and this method so little known, it is inserted.

"Well, I dare say you have heard that Mr. H. has returned. However, as possibly you may not, I will say that he arrived on the 10th instant, after a voyage of twenty days from Liverpool, by the steam-ship Royal William. The last twenty-four hours of the passage they were without fuel, and on an allowance of water;

and had it not been for a favourable strong wind, which providentially began to blow just as their fuel failed them, there is reason to fear that the consequences would have been most disastrous; as they had no sooner made the harbour than the wind came about, and blew directly off the coast, and so tremendously too as to unroof many of the houses in our city, and to do other damage; and had they not arrived as they did, they must have been driven far out to sea, and in all probability lost.

"Mr. H. has much to tell of what he has seen in England and France; enough, I expect, to amuse us a good part of the winter. He says in Paris there appears to be a great levity and restlessness among the people, and a strong desire with many for a war; the principal reason assigned by some among the lower classes being to thin off a portion of the population. His accounts of the manner in which the Lord's day is desecrated are really appalling. He has returned with a more decided preference for his own country than he ever had before. While in Paris he was taken very unwell, and the thought of dying in infidel France, he says, was almost insupportable to him. After he left Paris and came to London, his indisposition continuing, he was much discouraged; but, in

the good providence of God, he was led to a physician of much eminence, in London, who, for the last twenty years, has directed his whole attention to investigating diseases of the chest and lungs; (consumption in particular;) and he has hit upon a mode of treatment which is truly philosophical, and can be easily understood by every intelligent person. Under this mode of treatment he pronounces consumption curable, even after tubercles, or ulcers, are formed in the upper lobes of the lungs, and the hectic fever set in, succeeded with chills, and accompanied with night sweats, which I believe. This practitioner's name is Dr. Ramadge; and for many years he has been the senior physician to the London lung hospital, which is a public institution in which he has had ample opportunity to test all the methods of treating consumption, even to his own novel system. He does not rely upon medicine alone to effect a cure, but principally upon a mechanical process, which is effected by breathing through a tube prepared for that purpose. Mr. H. came under his care on the first of September, at which time he was much oppressed in his breathing. Since then his improvement has been great. He uses his tube three times a day. A person whose lungs are diseased will

take in more air by the use of this instrument than without it; and then, in exhaling, make longer expirations; and in this way the air-cells and lungs are brought into more healthy exercise. You are aware that this disease tends greatly to contract the chest. Well, by this artificial exercise, it becomes permanently enlarged. The principle upon which the tube acts is expansion; and by the action of the inhaled air upon the lungs, the muscles, too, become at last permanently enlarged and healed, leaving scars, as upon external sores. Dr. Ramadge has written an able work on the subject, with facts annexed, which I wish you could have an opportunity of perusing. I am sure you would approve of the theory. Excuse me, my dear E., for dwelling so long upon this topic; but it is one that interests me much, because I hang all my hopes of Mr. H.'s recovery upon it. If it fails, nothing else that man can devise will save him from a disease which you have only been able to palliate in the case of your dear mother. Dr. R. assures him he will perfectly recover. Good night. Write soon, and tell me whether you will visit us soon. From your affectionate MARY M."

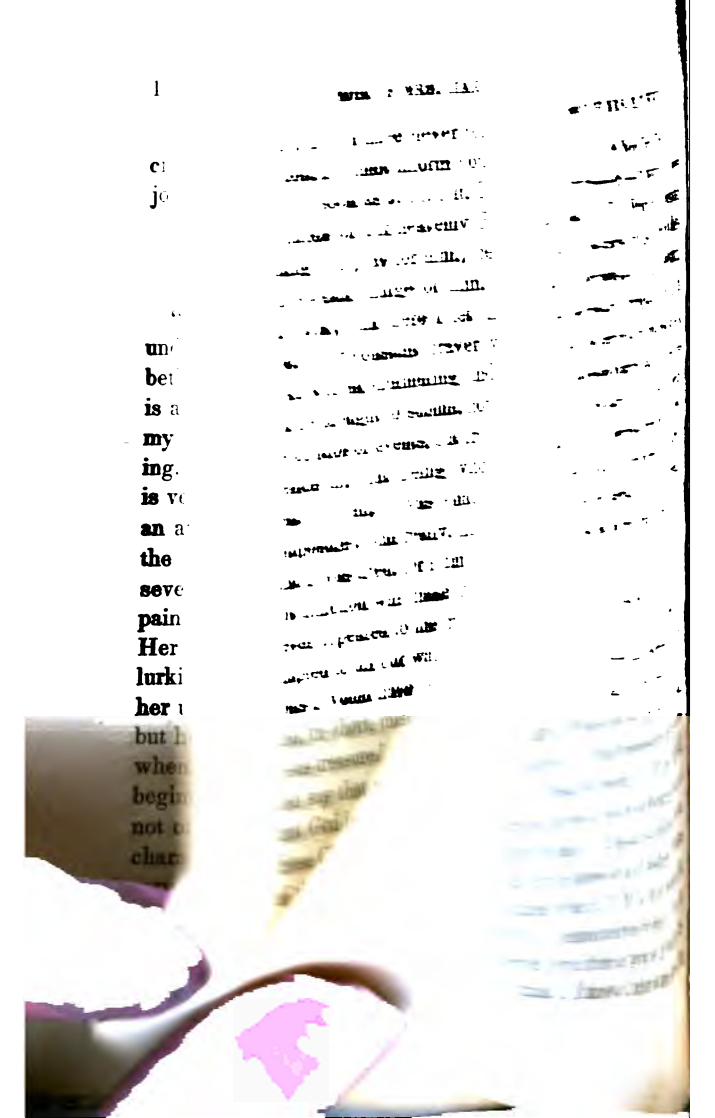
The following letter was written on the anticipated departure of her sister Elizabeth on a journey to the south.

TO MISS ALLEN.

"*N. Y., Oct.* 19, 1838, *half-past* 9 *o'clock, P. M.*

"My Dear Lila,—For several reasons I undertake to write to you this morning. Elizabeth wonders you have not written again, and is anxious to have you come in town. O Lila, my heart feels sad on some accounts this evening. One reason is, Elizabeth's health. She is very much indisposed. Dr. R. says she has an affection of the pericardium, or coating of the heart. She has been much bloated for several weeks past; and the shortness of breath, pain in her chest, etc., have seemed to increase. Her countenance begins plainly to indicate some lurking disease; yet she has steadily pursued her useful avocations, and complains but little: but her spirits are very low at times. O Lila, when I look at one so young as she is, thus beginning to be tortured by slow disease, (and not only young, but one of such abilities and character as dear Elizabeth,) it makes me feel very sad indeed. Dr. R. says her lungs are not affected, but symptomatically with her heart; and that the journey south will, he thinks,

essentially benefit her. But I am in doubt. I feel sad to have her go in such a precarious state of health. She bids me tell you to come to town next week, as the time for starting will probably be a fortnight from to-day, and she desires you to spend some time with her. It is now near eleven o'clock. Elizabeth says she thinks she breathes rather easier; however, she is now sleeping. Poor girl! what will she do if sick when away from us? But I think she has acquired much more resolution within the last two years. The Lord, Lila, will do right; and we *must* learn to submit to his ways, which are past finding out. I thank you for the interest you manifested for J. M. and myself in your letter to me. Although I have been afflicted, not only in his absence, but in regard to his health, (this summer especially,) yet, Lila, I never enjoyed more comfort and peace of mind than I did while he was away. Grace was given me sufficient for my day. I never before felt so much my utter helplessness and unworthiness, and continual dependance upon the Almighty. For myself I could do nothing; but through the intercession and merits of Christ my Redeemer, I could claim all that was right for me to have. And, my dear Lila, I did claim, and much was given me—resignation.



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easure of seeing you in yo
nd becoming acquainted wi
our affectionate niece,

"MARY HOWE."

TO MISS ALLEN.

"*May* 1, 1839.

r *Lila*,—I have been desirous
*you all w*inter, and for several weel
t strongly impressed upon my mind

O Lila, if you have never felt as I have under affliction, I cannot inform you how it was with me! As soon as J. M. left, I gave him up into the hands of our heavenly Parent, (I could do nothing but pray for him,) believing he would take special charge of him, and, if *best*, bring him back; and there I let the case rest with hope. My constant prayer was, that I might be kept from murmuring and anxiety of mind, and be brought to submit, not because I had not the control of events, but from love to, and confidence in, that Being who 'doeth all things well.' Well, I was enabled to submit with composure; and really, Lila, I praised the Lord that I was tried, for I am confident that nothing but affliction will make me humble. Religion never appeared to me more lovely, and so well adapted to all our wants. Without its consolations I would have been peevish, sick, perhaps, and, in short, miserable. Surely 'it is a glorious treasure.' O what a privilege to look up and say that we know, through Jesus his Son, that God is our reconciled Father! How I pity those Christians who believe not in the witness of the Spirit: what enjoyment they lose! Secret prayer, Lila, has been much blessed to me; and I am sure if any would prosper in the divine life, they must attend to this duty. Ah, Lila, no

hypocrisy will stand when we begin to talk (when no other eye can see, or any other ear hear) with our Maker! Let us try to be more diligent to live right, and then we will be prepared to die right. O Lila, how I felt to praise the Lord when J. M. returned. I felt as though I could trust the Lord for every thing all my life long. Come to town as soon as you can with aunt E——a. Dear Elizabeth is so anxious to see you. She is asleep now; but I know she would send her love to aunt Eliza, your papa, and all. My love to aunt Eliza. Both of you pray for us all, but particularly for Elizabeth. How changed it will be here this winter! But 'this world is not our home.' Sometimes I almost feel as if I did not care how soon I left it. But I want to live right while I stay. Love the Lord, Lila, with all your heart. I long to see you. It is very late. I must desist. Good night. Write, or come soon. From your affectionate friend,

"MARY."

Her marriage was consummated the 31st of October, 1838. Subsequently she wrote to Miss Filer, on her return from Baltimore, at which period her sister Elizabeth's health was in a very precarious condition.

"*New-York, Nov.* 16, 1838.

"My Dear E——h,—It would be a severe blow to lose dear E. Pray that, if consistent, she may yet be spared to us. Our trip to Baltimore was very pleasant. I like the people much. I have great reason to praise the Lord; and I do feel under obligations of the most sacred kind for his goodness toward us; and I trust to spend my life in his service. I owe all I have and am to him. I suppose you would laugh at me if I were to say, I am very happy, but it is true. I am perfectly satisfied; but time will prove all things. So no more, but affectionately,

"MARY HOWE."

TO MRS. ISABELLA STEBBINS.

"*April* 26, 1839.

"My Dear Aunt,—I commenced writing to you Tuesday evening, but was obliged to leave off, and I have not had an opportunity to resume until now. I took possession of my new house last Tuesday morning. If the Lord should spare our lives, we have flattering prospects of a happy home. I miss the children very much, but find my interest and feelings have become so identified with J. M.'s, that separation from all others is comparatively easy. I hope you are supported by divine grace in your new situation; for trials, I know, there must needs be;

and however kind our husbands may be, in providing for our numerous wants, yet without divine consolation we must be unhappy. We are but mortal; and are, in all situations, heirs to the ills of the flesh. But what a comfort it is to the Christian wife and mother, that there is One who sticketh closer even than a dear husband, and who watches our ways with the deepest solicitude; and who will, if asked, impart sufficient grace for every time of need! Let us try, my dear aunt, in our new stations, to live in reference to eternity. O that worldly cares, which increase upon us, may not take away our hearts from God, but cause us to look to him the more earnestly, and rely upon him the more continually for aid to discharge our duties! I humbly pray that the Lord may bless you and yours. But I must stop. My respects, and J. M.'s also, to Mr. Stebbins. I hope some day to have the pleasure of seeing you in your new residence, and becoming acquainted with the children. Your affectionate niece,

"MARY HOWE."

TO MISS ALLEN.

"*May* 1, 1839.

"My Dear Lila,—I have been desirous of writing to you all winter, and for several weeks have had it strongly impressed upon my mind;

but hearing from you often, through A——a and B—j—n, and knowing also that they were pretty regular in writing to you, has prevented me, in a measure, from putting you in debt to me. However, this evening I am determined to accomplish an epistle to you, as I have just ascertained from home that Anna has not answered your last, and also that mother has not answered your aunt Eliza's late letter; and I fear you will begin to surmise that we do not care for you: but you must say to aunt E——a that a day or two after the reception of her letter, mother went to Philadelphia, and stayed ten days, and since her return she has been very busy: just as soon as she can she will feel happy to answer her last. I am sorry she has not been able to do it before, as I am sure, from the tenor of your aunt's letter, she needed a word of comfort from some of her friends.

"Well, Lila, I have at last got to my own house. I came here a week ago yesterday morning. Our family, at present, numbers only three, and you may be sure it appears rather strange to me, who have been accustomed to see so many around our table. It was a great trial to me to think of leaving home; but really I find that the anticipation was worse than the reality. I kept putting off coming away, week

after week, although my home was in order, and in waiting for me. I was compelled, however, from a sense of duty, to muster resolution and tramp off; and I have only been home three times since. If Elizabeth was home, however, I should feel much better. But Anna and mother have such a charge on them, that my desire is to remain at home, helping them, if I could. But I find, after all, I grow, in one sense, selfish; and I find, too, Lila, now more than ever, that religion has done more for me than I was aware of. When trials come, a firm trust in my heavenly Father, and a consciousness of the righteousness of his dealings toward me and mine, give me confidence to ask for that grace which is promised in every time of need; and I am very thankful that I can say, I generally have it to comfort me, and raise me above trials. But enough of this. Dear Lila, a more melancholy task devolves upon me now, which is, to inform you of the death of Mary Seys. She died a few days ago at her mother's, at Middletown, of dropsy: but other particulars I have not heard. It is a severe stroke to her dear mother now, and will be very distressing to her father when he hears of it, as it is said he found it more difficult to part with her than with either of the other children. Yours, affectionately, MARY HOWE."

CHAPTER III.

HER RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.

"'Tis God who gives me rest,
Sustains me when oppress'd,
And pardon gives,
Which soon relieves
My breast.

My spirit longs to be
Devoted, Lord, to thee,
And from all sin,
Without—within,
To flee."

As religion occupied much of my dear wife's thoughts, and exerted a powerful influence upon her heart and life; and as there are such a variety of systems of religion, all professedly based upon the Holy Scriptures, it may not be uninteresting to the reader to learn what her religious sentiments were. Her parents, in the early part of their lives, embraced the system of doctrines usually denominated Methodism—a system in which are included all the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, as held by Christians of the Arminian school, with some peculiarity of church discipline, as, for instance, the observance of class-meetings and love-feasts. The title Methodist, was first given in derision

to Rev. J. Wesley and his coadjutors, in Oxford University, on account of the methodical manner in which they performed their various duties, especially those of a religious nature, and was subsequently applied to all those who embraced the doctrines taught by them.

Among the doctrines which are most lucidly set forth, and energetically applied to the hearts and consciences of their hearers by the ministers of this denomination, and which, under God, have been mighty to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan, we notice,—

1. The willingness of God to save all men, even the vilest of sinners, and to save them at the present time—"Behold, *now* is the accepted time, and *now* is the day of salvation"—upon the condition of repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ; and that it is the privilege of all, who do thus repent and exercise a living faith in the vicarious sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, to know, for themselves, that they have passed from death unto life, by the evidence communicated to the soul by the Holy Spirit. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

2. That it is the Christian's privilege, not

only to obtain this evidence, but to retain it, and grow in grace day by day, until the soul is sanctified to God, and made holy, being "perfected in love." In this state the believer realizes, to his soul's comfort, the fulfilment of the word of the Lord, spoken by Zacharias the prophet, "That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life."

3. That after the believer has obtained even this high elevation of Christian experience, he may, through the commission of sin, fall away, and finally perish; hence Methodists strenuously insist upon the necessity of constant watchfulness and prayer, and the giving earnest heed to the exhortations of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to those of his apostles, to "give all diligence to make your calling and election sure;" and to the caution, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;" and the promises made to those who patiently continue in well doing, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Such are the more prominent doctrines of Methodism, all which are clearly taught in the Holy Scriptures. These were the doctrines taught, in childhood, to the subject of this me-

moir; and when she arrived at a suitable age to examine for herself, and to feel the wretchedness of her own spiritual malady, so Scriptural, reasonable, and adapted to her wants did she esteem them to be, that she not only cordially embraced them in theory, but daily endeavoured so by faith to lay hold upon them, as that she might be brought into possession of their fulness. Through faith she obtained the evidence that she was a child of God; and it was by a continued exercise of faith that she retained it, realizing that if she would stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made her free, or make advancement, she must watch and pray, lest her spiritual enemies should gain the advantage of her. With these remarks, we shall submit such portions of her diary as will more clearly exhibit her sentiments, and the means she employed that her soul might be constantly advancing. Among these will be noticed private prayer, the reading of the Scriptures, with meditation, and attending upon the social and public means of grace.

Sunday, August 2, 1834, she writes,—"I have felt Jesus very precious to me to-day, both at home and at church. I have been privileged with hearing three excellent sermons; (and I hope I may profit by them the coming week;)

the first, by Rev. J. B. Stratten, from James i, 22–24, comparing a mere hearer of the word, and not a practical Christian, to a man that looketh in a glass, and straightway goeth away and forgetteth what manner of man he was. This sermon was very profitable to me, as the subject was applied very closely to every individual of the congregation. The third sermon was from Rom. viii, 18.

"*Aug.* 7.—Attended class this afternoon, and although but few were there, we had a refreshing season. I cannot tell the reason why so many of the members stay away. I fear they have become cold in religion, and therefore this precious means has become like a burden to them, and they are glad of excuses, by which they may avoid it. I feel, to-day, the Lord to be my portion, and in him will I put my trust.

"*Aug.* 10.—This day completes the revolutions of sixteen years, which have glided swiftly over my head; the five last of which have been spent in trying to serve the Lord; but O, in what a weak, half-hearted way! I have attended a love-feast, sacrament, and heard two sermons to-day, but not with that profit and joy that I had anticipated, owing, no doubt, to my own coldness. O that I was earnest in prayer!

"*Sabbath, Aug.* 10, 1835.—I have felt the

Lord precious to me since last sabbath, and I have been enabled, by his grace, to keep a watch over my conduct; however, this evening, having much company, I was led into light conversation, for which I feel measurably condemned. I find the Christian must live by continual prayer and watchfulness. I was deprived of my class this week, and feel as if I had lost a meal. Bishop A—— and daughter (from Georgia) are staying with us at present. O that I walked more humbly and devoutly in religion's ways! O Lord, help me!

"*Wednesday, Aug.* 12.—I have again passed another birth-day; but to how little profit have I spent seventeen years! What have I accomplished? I have only served the Lord in a poor, half-hearted way. I have let slip a number of opportunities, which would have been profitable to me, if I had taken up my cross. However, I think, on the whole, I enjoy more real religion than I did a year ago; and my desires to be a devoted Christian are stronger than ever. I bless the Lord for this. I do hope and pray, that if my life be spared another year, that I shall have a better account to give of my religious state. The Lord is very kind to me; but O, how little I do for him! My cry still is, Lord, give me a clean heart!"

It was her constant aim to keep a watch over herself; and, by frequent self-examination, to know the real state of her standing before the Lord.

"*July* 31, 1835.—To-day I have endeavoured to humble myself before the Lord by fasting and prayer—it being a day set apart for special prayer, for a revival of religion in the church. I find my heart very sinful; apt to wander away from good things, and very prone to be proud. Once I gave way to anger, but hope the Lord has forgiven me. O, my Lord, give me a clean heart!

"*September* 18, 1835.—Six years ago last evening, while on my knees at the side of my bed, the Lord, for his dear Son's sake, was so merciful as to wash away the guilt of sin from my young but too wicked heart, and give me the witness that I was justified in his sight. Ever since that I have been endeavouring to serve him, although my service has never been what it should have been: yet the Lord has been pleased to accept it. Ah! I often am astonished at his long-forbearance with my folly and short-comings, and that he has not been provoked to take his Holy Spirit from me. But no, he still bears with me, and to-night I feel my Saviour precious to me. This after-

noon we had an excellent class-meeting; our leader was plain with us, each member present seemed to open her mind freely to him, and all seemed to *feel* the necessity of a deeper work of grace, before they could be prepared to live as they should here, and enjoy a happy hereafter. As for me, I feel that it is my absolute duty and privilege to be wholly given up to the Lord; but there seems to be an opposition of my will to that of my heavenly Father. I do not feel willing to be made the derision of my young friends, by professing holiness of heart; and I have fears lest I should not walk circumspectly: and yet I believe I should have grace given me for every time of need. This may all be a temptation of the enemy; but if it is, it appears to me to be almost irresistible. Sometimes I think I will resolutely determine, in the strength of the Lord, not to rest until I obtain the blessing; but then there seems to be a hanging on of my heart to the world and sin, and I will not give up. O that I was rid of this carnal mind! I am afraid, if I do not give myself up wholly to the Lord, I shall lose what religion I have. O my Jesus, help!

"*March* 7.—I am so crowded with other things, that I cannot seem to get time enough to do my feelings justice, in entering them more

frequently in my journal. Since my last date I have endeavoured to pray and read the Lord's word more, and have found it profitable so to do. To-night I feel my mind deeply impressed with the necessity of ever keeping a vigilant watch over my poor, unstable heart. I am so apt to do wrong, without taking care to do right, that sometimes I almost conclude I am no Christian at all.

"22*d*.—I praise the Lord for what I now enjoy of his presence. I know my sins are forgiven, through Christ Jesus my Lord.

"*April* 1, 1836.—It is Good Friday to-day, and I feel, indeed, that Jesus died for me. O yes, I know he died, but

'Lives again, for me to intercede.'

I had my spiritual strength much renewed by attending my inestimable weekly privilege (class-meeting) this afternoon. I felt to renew my covenant with God, to serve him more faithfully. O how much more useful I might be, if I were such a Christian as I should be! But, 'I will praise the Lord for all that is past, and trust him for all that's to come.'

"*May* 2.—I have been quite unwell all day. Through grace, however, I have been enabled to exercise patience, and keep from repining.

Yes, I feel thankful to the Lord for these light afflictions, that they may show me that I am not to live alway, and teach me to live with a single aim to attain that land where sickness never enters.

"*May* 6, 1836.—This morning I gave way to a fretful spirit, by being disappointed in an article of dress. I felt that I had done wrong, and prayed to God for pardon. I feel relieved now. O that I had a dress of humility, and a real Christian habiliment!

"*May* 8.—I am astonished at the goodness of God to me, while I am unworthy of his notice. To-day Jesus has been in my heart. Yes, I thank the Lord for what I have enjoyed of his love to-day. O, I must praise him for his unspeakable kindnesses to me!

"I was much profited under the sermon this morning, from this text, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?' This afternoon I attended the funeral of Mr. Williams, who has been a member of the M. E. Church, in this city, upward of twenty years. His last days were somewhat gloomy at times, through the temptations of the evil one, but in his last hours he came off more than conqueror, and Jesus took him to himself. He was a very rare example of Christian piety. I felt indeed, while

there, that all go unto one place—all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. This evening the text was, 'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?' At the conclusion the preacher said, 'Suppose the Saviour should enter the congregation, and ask each person the question that he put to Peter, what would each answer? Would any of you answer in the affirmative?' I felt that I could say, Yes, with all my heart; and not only that I love Jesus, but that his Spirit bears witness with mine that I am his child. Heavenly Father, keep me humble before thee; take away my bent of sinning, and help me to serve thee as I ought.

"*Sabbath, Oct.* 2, 1836.—The last week has been to me one of constant action in many ways; but I am ashamed to say, that as to spiritual work, I have given too little attention to it; and this evening I find myself deficient in that devout and religious feeling which I have lately been privileged to enjoy. But it is all my own fault, I know. O! this treacherous heart cannot be depended on a moment. I found it impossible to attend class on Friday, and sensibly feel the loss.

"*Oct.* 10, 1836.—Yesterday was a day of many privileges to me. I attended sabbath school twice, preaching three times, and par-

took of the sacrament of the Lord's supper; yet I did not feel as I wished to; there seemed to be a heavy coldness about my religious feelings, and I had not spirit enough to rid myself of it by fervent supplication. This evening I attended a female prayer meeting, took up the cross to pray, and was blessed in so doing. It is, I think, a profitable meeting, and should be sustained, if possible.

"*Feb.* 12, 1837.—I feel that Jesus is precious to me, and am determined to serve God as long as I live. But I know that I must be more devoted, or I can never enjoy what I want to, and ought to. The world seems to have too strong hold of my affections; yet I am aware that the grace of God is sufficient for me, if I would but submit to the entire and easy yoke of Christ.

"*Sabbath, Feb.* 14.—Attended preaching three times to-day, and prayer meeting after the evening service. Attended sabbath school twice also. The sermons were all very profitable to me, but especially brother Mead's, this morning. He said, that if we wished to keep sight of the Saviour, we must go among the poor; for while on earth the Saviour honoured them most with his presence, and that he himself was poor, and had not where to lay his

if they are misimproved! As for myself, I am endeavouring to do something in the good cause; but O how little to what I might do, if I were more faithful to the duties which are required at my hand! I do not think I realize the obligations I am under to the Lord as much as I should. I am too contented with my present state of living. If I ask myself, Have I the witness or abiding sense of my acceptance of my heavenly Father? the answer is, *I know I have;* I cannot doubt it; and I feel that I have got a great victory over my temper, and much of my natural disposition; but yet there is lurking in my heart much that is wrong, which I do not intend shall always be there; it must come out. I want to so feel my continual dependance on the Saviour, that I may be led to look to him every moment for that help which shall enable me to live orderly and piously in the circle in which I move. I know I have privileges above thousands, and that I do not appreciate them now as I should; but I believe a day will come when my gratitude and praise shall have no bounds toward the Lord, for the manner in which I have been brought up and educated. I am thankful now, but do not realize it as I ought. The text this evening was, 'Love not the world, neither the things which

are in the world;' from which a very impressive discourse was preached. It is now five minutes past one o'clock, A. M. I have been sitting up in order to watch for a singular phenomenon, called the falling stars, which has appeared this night for two years past in this country, and on the eastern continent. I was to sit up till this time, and then waken some of the others and let them watch. I cannot say I have much faith in their appearing, and I feel as though sleep will do me more good than seeing them. I do intend to try to live nearer the Lord this coming week, and I will look to him for assistance.

"*Nov.* 28.—Spent yesterday in the usual way of my Mondays, and to-day in a regular routine of business. This evening I attended a very excellent love-feast in the Allen-street church, which I enjoyed much, and felt that my peace was made with God; and that as he knoweth all things, he knoweth that my chief desire is to render to him the supreme affections of my heart, and to serve him in newness of life.

"*March* 11, 1838.—I have prayed in public meetings, in my school room, and with the sick, with more ease and satisfaction to myself than I have been able to in the family the past week;

and yet I have felt my mind stayed upon the Lord in a measure. This evening I had more liberty than I have had yet."

To those unacquainted with class-meetings and love-feasts, as observed among the people belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, the following account of them, copied from Mr. Wesley's Works, vol. v, page 183, will probably be acceptable.

"In order to confess our faults one to another, and pray one for another, that we may be healed, we meet, 1, once a week at the least. 2. To come punctually at the time appointed. 3. To begin with singing and prayer. 4. To speak, each of us in order, freely and plainly, the true state of our souls, with the faults we have committed in thought, word, or deed, and the temptations we have felt since our last meeting. One person among us, called the leader, to speak his own state first, and then to ask the rest, in order, as many and as searching questions as may be concerning their states, sins, and temptations. A love-feast is held once a quarter, the members of the society being present, that we may together 'eat bread,' as the ancient Christians did, 'with gladness and singleness of heart.' At these love-feasts, so termed from the beginning, our food is only a little plain bread and

water. But we seldom return from them without being fed, not only with the meat which perisheth, but that which endureth to everlasting life."

CHAPTER IV.

HER OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

"Dear is the hallow'd morn to me,
When city bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again."

THE subject of this memoir ever regarded the sabbath as a holy day—a season in which all worldly business was to be entirely abstained from; and in which the time was to be spent in a strictly religious manner. She esteemed the sabbath one of the greatest blessings that our heavenly Father had conferred upon the human family, and regarded it as especially favourable

in its operations upon the labouring classes; 1st, because it provided for them that bodily rest which experience proves our physical nature requires; and, 2d, because it made provision, through the prohibition of secular engagements, and the consecration of its hours to religious duties, for the preservation of the knowledge of God in the world, and for the direction of the attention of men to the concerns of a future state, without which the cares of the present life would be very likely to absorb the whole heart. Hence, in order to its proper observance, she constantly made such calculations and arrangements through the week as would prevent worldly business intruding itself on its consecrated hours. The wearing apparel was carefully arranged and laid in its proper place, that it might be at hand in the morning. She strictly prohibited all kinds of house-work. If any thing had been omitted, she required it to be left undone. In a few instances attempts were made to deceive her; but as soon as she came to the knowledge of it, she in the kindest manner, though with much resolution, again forbade it. From the time that she was placed at the head of her household, her determination was that of Joshua of old, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Although,

however, the sabbath was to Mrs. Howe a day of cessation from worldly business, it was far from being one of leisure. It brought with it many duties, cares, and responsibilities, which were to be strictly and faithfully performed; hence, esteeming it not to be

> "A thing of good report,
> To cut the hours of duty short,"

she rose as early, or earlier, on this day than on others; and, upon rising, she gave its first moments to God in silent prayer, after which she attended to the duties of her toilet. At family prayer she always took a part; and when, unitedly, our songs of praise ascended, her voice might always be heard to these or some other equally appropriate words,—

> "The Lord of sabbath let us praise,
> In concert with the blest;
> Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
> Employ an endless rest.
>
> Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
> We blest and pious grow;
> By hymns of praise we learn to be
> Triumphant here below."

Sometimes she would lead in these devotions; but whether she did or not, her whole appear-

ance plainly told that she not only engaged in them as a religious form, but that her whole soul was drawn out to God. After she had superintended the arrangements of the family, and seen that there was nothing to prevent her domestics from enjoying its repose and privileges, she went to the sabbath school, where she assiduously discharged her official duties as a teacher, secretary, or superintendent, though after her marriage, from the multiplicity of her cares, she might have found many excuses to justify her in relinquishing her attendance there; yet so important and interesting a field did this appear to her, that she was unwilling to desist from aiding in its cultivation, and continued actively to discharge her duties in the school until a short time prior to her decease. Frequently she remarked upon the impropriety of young ladies, as soon as they were married, relinquishing their labours in the Sunday school.

In church she usually took her seat among the choir, not that she preferred sitting there, for there were many things done and said by the young people which she thought unbecoming the house of God; but she felt it to be duty, nevertheless, to deny herself to encourage others, and to aid in singing the praises of God in the congregation. The afternoon was spent

as was the morning, except when duty called her, at the close of the sabbath school, to visit some sick, aged, or dying friend; or, if too much wearied in body to attend to public duties, she would spend the after part of the day at home in devotional reading, or in imparting religious instruction to some of the family. The Bible was her favourite book: this she not only read, but made it her study, comparing passage with passage; and, in addition to the uncommented word, she took great delight in reading the explanations as contained in Clarke's, Benson's, and Watson's Commentaries, Wesley's Notes, or Newton on the Prophecies, or other expositions. These, or books of a similar character, all tending to illustrate the Scriptures, were those which principally engaged her attention; and, if not employed with them, she would read Wesley's or Fletcher's Works, the perusal of which she always found profitable. She rejected, on this day, all reading that was not strictly religious; and the writer cannot bring to mind a single instance in which he ever saw her with a book on the sabbath that was not decidedly of a pious character. And while she was thus careful herself, she would not suffer the members of her family to employ their time in unsuitable reading without remind-

ing them of the impropriety of it; and, to those over whom she exercised authority, to prohibit it. Those weekly papers which are appropriated to religious communications, interesting as they were to her—and few enjoyed them more —she did not think the most profitable reading for the sabbath, and endeavoured to use her influence to lead those about her to the perusal of more devout and serious works, especially the Holy Scriptures. Regard also was had to the conversation indulged in; and if it turned at any time upon worldly subjects, or on topics not connected with religion, either directly or indirectly, she would, in a very kind and affectionate manner, ask, "Would it not be well to stop conversing about this to-day?" or remark, "Such subjects are improper to-day." In truth, it may be said of her, she kept a watch over herself and family; and while she endeavoured to lay aside the world and its busy cares, she constantly aimed to appropriate the day sacredly to the means of grace, and in so doing felt the blessing of the Lord resting upon her. Her state of mind, and the interest she took for individuals, the sabbath school, and other public means of grace, will be more clearly exhibited by the following extracts from her own hand.

"*Sabbath, April* 3, 1836.—This has, indeed, been a blessed day. I have felt my Saviour exceedingly near me; yes, in my heart. I have been enabled to praise the Lord, to pray to him, and believe in him all day. This morning, when I first went out to go to my Sunday school, it seemed to me that the very stones of the pavements wished to have some part in giving thanks to the Lord for a day of rest—for the holy sabbath. During the morning I was very much refreshed under brother Stratten's sermon, on 1 Cor. xiii, 13, "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is *charity*," (or love.) I cannot here give his leading remarks, but the subject was clear to my mind; and, on examining myself, I was sure I possessed faith, or else I should never receive an answer to prayer: and also hope, for I expect, if faithful, to get to heaven, and I am sure I earnestly desire it. And I love to think about Jesus, to hear about him, and I love all God's creatures, yes, every one of them; and am not conscious of bearing ill-will against one: and I do love the Lord, and I will praise him. This afternoon, after church, I went with sister M'C. to gather Sunday-school scholars. We met with little success; but I had an opportunity of speaking to a woman opposite our

church who sells candies, &c., on Sunday. She seemed hardened, and thought she could not afford to lose what she could make on the Lord's day. O Lord, have mercy upon her! After I left my friend, and was coming through Fourth-street home, I saw a large confectionary store open, the same as if it had been a week day. I was pained at the sight, and felt it to be my duty to go and speak to those that kept it, of their great sin. I passed by on the other side of the street, crossed over, went by the store, and observing that a *man* was breaking the fourth commandment, I felt discouraged, and turned back, and walked to the end of the square, when the thought came to me that the poor man might, before another sabbath, be beyond the reach of mercy. I returned, and began to reason with, reprove, and exhort him. He treated me with politeness, and I felt abundantly blessed in my own heart for thus taking up the cross: but he said, he made more money on the sabbath than on any other day; and that it was no more harm for him to do so, than for the parsons to ride to church in their fine equipage. O what evil abounds!

"*April* 17.—To-day I have felt my mind more unsettled than for a few days past, owing, no doubt, to outward circumstances. As there

are a number of preachers in town, on their way to the General Conference, I have been more careful to know where they would preach, &c., than I should have been. This afternoon, in company with a few friends, I went to a new free-seat Presbyterian church; and as it is built in a style entirely new to me, I was, at first, (from the entire novelty of all around me,) led into a dissipation of thought which I do not like to indulge in church; but, after a few serious reflections, I got my mind composed, and was some edified in hearing a sermon from, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' This morning I heard Bishop Andrew, on the subject of John's disciples inquiring of Christ whether he was the true Messiah, or whether they should look for another; and this evening, in the Mulberry-street church, from, 'Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.' I feel a strong desire to have an active part in doing something for the Lord this coming week. I hope to have a better account to give at the end of the next week.

"*May* 22.—More than a usual allotment of business and care has fallen to me since my last date, and prevented me from devoting a few moments to my book. I feel to-day peculiarly

impressed with the necessity of a preparation for eternity. Yesterday mother received intelligence that her only brother had gone the way of all living. He was ill but twenty minutes. Thus was he suddenly cut down. I feel the need of much watchfulness and prayer.

"I have been hurt to-day to see how the sabbath is broken in this highly-favoured city. O that some means could be adopted, that the commandments of the Lord might be more respected, and the conversation of the wicked multitude changed!"

The following entries, made while on a visit to Philadelphia and vicinity, do not relate exclusively to the sabbath; yet, as they afford evidence not only of the piety of the subject of this memoir, but of her admiration of the works of God and man, they are not without interest.

"*Aug.* 6, 1836.—Sister Elizabeth and I left our dear home and beloved parents this morning, in a hard storm of rain, in company with Mr. Bunting, for his country seat at Crosswicks, where we arrived at about half-past three o'clock. First we took the steamboat for Amboy, then the rail cars to Allentown, then Mr. Bunting's carriage to his house. It rained nearly all the time, but we were quite comfortable. I

have felt a great deal of anxiety for two friends; but I have prayed to the Lord for them, and I believe he will take care of and protect them.

"*Sabbath, Aug.* 7.—In the morning heard Professor —— in the village church; and in the afternoon a large company of us took a walk of a mile or more in the woods, to a beautiful stream of water. We found a great many pretty flowers, and had, all things considered, a pleasant time; and yet I can't say that I think it was right to spend the sabbath so: but the example of those high in the church had much influence on me, and as there was no preaching, I felt at liberty to be led by them. To-night I feel thankful that I am what I am; but I wish I had a better heart, and more zeal in the cause of Christ. The day has not been spent as profitably as it might have been.

"*Aug.* 8.—Took a ramble, after breakfast, down the hill near the house to the pond lying at its base; then up another hill into the woods. I was delighted with the sight of such productions as man could never make, and but faintly paint an imitation of. The grass being wet, and the ground muddy, I was soon obliged to retrace my steps. At half-past nine started, in company with Professor —— and sister, for

Bordentown; and from there took steamboat for Philadelphia, where we arrived at about half-past two, P. M. The country, as seen from the Delaware, is generally level, there being nothing remarkable or very romantic to be observed. I was gratified with the appearance of Burlington and Bristol, as seen from the river. I am fatigued to-night, but feel thankful that the Lord has kept us from any material harm. My friends, too, are quite well.

"*Aug.* 9.—Have been quite sick to-day, from fatigue and cold, which I have taken from exposure in travelling in the rain, and getting my feet wet yesterday. This afternoon, however, was enabled to go abroad and take tea, and then called to see sister J——s, (a dear friend,) and formerly a classmate of mine in New-York; who having united herself to a Methodist minister, her lot has been cast here, where I pray she may be useful.

"*Aug.* 10.—Arose quite unwell, from a severe cold, this morning, but feel much relieved this evening. After breakfast went to market, at least to Market-street, for the farmers stand, for a great many blocks, with their wagons against the curb-stones, selling all sorts of truck, (as they name it.) But the real enclosed market is in the centre of the street, and extends, I

suppose, for half a mile or more. The top, or ceiling, is very high from the ground, and is as white as a parlour wall: the boards of the stalls, too, appear as if they were scoured with sand daily, and the butter-tubs are as clean as clean can be. All is neatness and perfection. The Philadelphians may really boast of their markets. Afterward called, in company with sister Elizabeth, on the Misses B. and their mother; and at three o'clock, P. M., set out to visit Fairmount, in company with my cousin, Wm. M——n, the Misses B., Miss B., from Mount Rose, and sister Elizabeth. We went in the rail-road cars. Ascending the hill, we were brought in immediate sight of the basin; then we went down two or three flight of stairs, and saw the perpetual fountains, and the marble statues, with water spouting from their mouths and hands, &c., and promenaded on the beautiful clean brick pavements, beside the grass and flower beds; then went and viewed the dam across the Schuylkill, which deepens the water on one side, in order to prepare it to be propelled to the basins at the top of the hill; after which I examined, as much as my meagre knowledge of mechanism (or hydraulics) would allow me, the great wheels that are propelled by the water power, to force so many gallons,

at every turn, to the basins. There is a dismal, horrible roaring, and the water seems angry, and anxious to escape to some resting place; but there is no resting, day or night, but, like time, it continually ebbs and rushes on, without any end. The scene is such that a correct idea can hardly be formed of it by description, and is a wonderful exhibition of the work of man, in connection with that of God. It is awfully grand and terrible.

"To-day is my eighteenth birth-day, and I have not been able, from my present circumstances, to be alone scarcely any time to reflect, to read in my Bible, and pray. I feel grateful to God for keeping me, though so unworthy, in the enjoyment of health, kind parents, kind friends, and every comfort and pleasure that I could desire. I feel a renewed resolution to serve the Lord; he has indeed been very good to me, for which I will praise him. I do love the Lord to-night. I know he answers my petitions; and in him will I put my trust for ever; yes, for ever. I hope this year to be more faithful in the service of the Lord; but it will not be in my own strength. We left Fairmount about four o'clock, and entered a car, and rode to Mount Pleasant, about a mile above Fairmount, on the Schuylkill River: 'tis a pretty little

place. We entered a neat dwelling here; and, after resting in the parlour about half an hour, rambled about the gardens, and then went down the road to a beautiful hill-side. The house is situated on a slope, and is called Fountain Green Hotel, the grounds of which are beautifully laid out: every thing appeared enchanting to us. Opposite this place the Schuylkill runs within a few yards. Here we took supper, and I drank the first cup of coffee I have taken in more than three years; indeed, I drank two cups. I thought, as it was altogether a particular occasion, that I would indulge myself for once. While here, my mind was led to think of home, my dear parents, brothers, and sisters. O how I should love to see them! I feel thankful for my health.

"*Thursday, Aug.* 11, 1836.—Started at nine this morning (in company with some relatives) in the car for Morristown, about seventeen miles from Philadelphia, up the Schuylkill River; arrived there about half-past ten, and took a walk through the principal street. I was delighted with the appearance of the town, its cleanliness, &c. The houses are neatly and commodiously built. In going to Morristown we passed several places; among others, a town of considerable size, called Manayunk, which is

a manufacturing place of some note, and is very pleasantly situated on the Schuylkill. The scenery on the shores of the Schuylkill is much more diversified and romantic than I thought it was. It is quite unlike the Delaware. The river itself is very shallow, and at some parts you might walk across. We arrived in the city about twelve o'clock. About three o'clock we started in an omnibus for the navy yard, and went on board a large man-of-war, which is being built. It will be the largest ship, I presume, in the United States service. I was much gratified with this visit.

"*Friday* 12.—Felt quite unwell this morning, from a cold; but about ten o'clock started, in company with cousin William and sister, to visit different places. Went to the mint, museum, and Ronaldson's burying-ground. We passed the city hospital, Pennsylvania University, &c. In the afternoon attended class, and took tea with brother and sister J——s.

"13*th*.—Remained at home to-day until evening, and then took tea, and spent the evening with the Misses B.

"*Sabbath* 14.—In the morning attended at Nazareth, and heard Rev. E. Cooper; in the afternoon at Fifth-street, and in the evening at the Academy, and heard Mr. Kepler.

"15*th*.—This morning visited Mrs. Marks, my grandma's mother, residing about two miles from town, on the Frankfort road: got in town again about three o'clock, and then went to the House of Refuge, and spent the night. Had a pleasant visit.

"16*th*.—This morning returned from the Refuge, and went on the rail-road to Germantown, a pretty little town. After nine o'clock packed my clothes, and wrote home.

"*Aug*. 17.—Left the city of Brotherly Love (so called) this morning at six o'clock, for Bordentown; then took my seat in a carriage, and arrived again at Mr. Bunting's, at Crosswicks, at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon had the pleasure of seeing Professor D——n and his wife: received a letter from home, informing me that all are well, for which I am thankful.

"18*th*.—Started about eight o'clock this morning for Pemberton, and arrived there at a little past eleven o'clock. Found my friends all well. I anticipate a pleasant visit.

"*Sabbath, May* 13, *ten o'clock, P: M*.—This day has not been one of great enjoyment to me, although I have not felt particularly dull. Last night I retired more wearied than for a great while, and did not awake until late this morning, and found it raining. After breakfast it

cleared away, and sister and I went to Sunday school, and from there into church; but after the second hymn was sung, feeling too listless to enjoy the sermon, I returned home; and then, instead of improving the opportunity in praying, I employed myself in looking over a book, not the best calculated to induce pious feelings. In the afternoon attended church, and listened to an excellent sermon from brother Stout; but my mind was not in a state to be greatly profited.

"*Oct.* 15, 1837.—Sabbath school twice and preaching three times have occupied, principally, my attention to-day. This morning heard brother Lane, from, 'Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' This afternoon brother Smith, from, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;' and this evening brother B. Goodsell, in the Allen-street church, from Isaiah xi, 9, 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' This sermon was excellent. The preacher earnestly exhorted Christians to attain to that degree of grace that would qualify and give them the ardent disposition to work in the vineyard of the Lord, that the happy time, when sin shall reign no more,

may speedily be brought about. I have enjoyed the sermons to-day exceedingly, and have felt altogether better in mind than for a season past. Sometimes I almost conclude I have no religion at all, my heart seems so hard, and fear that duties have become habitual, and mere forms; but to-night I know it is not so: I know, of a certainty, that I do love the Saviour, and have an interest in the atonement, which so amply provides for all our wants; and I am determined to be on the Lord's side decidedly, while I have health and opportunity. I believe, if I should give every thing up to the Saviour, and trust, as I ought, I should enjoy more peace of mind, and more real happiness than I ever have: but I seem to hold to my own ways too much. I am too proud, for one thing, I think, but I will try and pray for humility. The Lord has blessed me more than I deserve in many ways, and I will praise him for it. I never, perhaps, shall feel thankful enough for the ways and means which have calmed my mind in difficulties, which, unhappily for me, have hindered my religious enjoyment much; but friends have been raised up to me on every side, to help me along. After church, this afternoon, I visited one of our young sisters, a very pious girl. I fear much for her, but hope she will grow better.

"*Sabbath evening, Feb.* 4, 1838.—Rose too late this morning, and got to sabbath school just after prayer. I felt rather encouraged when I entered the room. The morning session passed off profitably and pleasantly. In church it was very cold, but we had a warm sermon for our hearts, from brother Mitchell, an agent for the American Bible Society. I thought, when I left home this afternoon, I should be none too early for sabbath school, but found neither of the superintendents there, and but one male teacher, and our boys behaving so improperly as to shock the feelings of any one who loves to see the sabbath well kept. It was too much for me; and when our superintendent came, I told him plainly what I thought, and how I felt; perhaps I spoke too plainly. The boys presently took their seats in school, or rather, our monthly prayer meeting; and a good meeting it was. I took up the cross, and had very great liberty in praying. Brother Mitchell preached again for us this afternoon, and gave some statements concerning what the Bible Society was doing, and of what they were much in need of, *our money*. A collection was taken up, and subscriptions received. After preaching, attended our Juvenile Missionary Society. We had a tolerable meeting; spent the evening at home

profitably, and feel more than ever that the Lord is mine. I trust and pray that he alone may guide me until I die. I retire to rest with pleasing thoughts about Jesus, the whole plan of salvation, and heaven.

'Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.'

"*March* 18, 1838.—It has been a very stormy day, and we have all been prevented from attending church; but the Lord is not confined to the church. We can feel him near, and that to bless, if we draw nigh unto him by faith and prayer, even in our own houses, and at our own fire-sides. Our family being large, I felt some fear this morning lest the children should get weary and refractory, and not be willing to be kept within bounds, as they should on this day; but they have behaved well, and have seemed pleased to have the opportunity to select their Sunday-school proofs, and read good books, and I think it has been a profitable day to them. Mother went down to dinner for the first since her sickness. Truly we should praise the Lord, who has so speedily restored her strength, and spared her invaluable life unto her family. After class I went to see a young friend on

business; one with whom, about eight years ago, I was very intimate, and who professed religion, while in Troy, the next night after I did. Soon after, she, with her family, came to New-York to reside; and not finding much religious encouragement at home, and mixing with a very gay circle of acquaintance, she soon became very gay and worldly; dress appears very fascinating to her eye, and I am afraid has been a ruling passion with her of late. As we had not met since last June, our interview was cordial and very pleasant, in some respects; but I felt it impressed on my mind to talk to her about her soul; so said I, 'Caroline, do you enjoy religion now?' She promptly answered me, 'Mary, I do not.' Then I endeavoured to exhort and encourage her to seek that Jesus again whom she had so cruelly treated, by turning her back upon him; and told her that notwithstanding all her backslidings, he had been, and was now, continually interceding for her, that justice might not speedily be executed against her. She wept, and said she knew, without religion, she could not be happy; but her company was of such a character, it was difficult for her to be religious. Poor girl, if she would give her heart to God, she would find, that as her day of need is, so shall her strength be. We kneeled down to

pray, and I felt strong in the belief that the Lord would fasten such conviction on her soul as she could not get rid of, unless by giving him her heart. She appeared very much affected, and said she was sure I loved her, and that she would think again of what I had said to her. It seemed as if she could hardly let me come away. Well, I must pray for her. O how I should praise the Lord, if she should be restored to her enjoyments—because I love her very much! She has many traits that draw my affections to her. Although I have not been to sabbath school or church to-day, yet the day has not been lost to me. I have been reading Newton on the Prophecies, the Bible, and the Life of Carvosso, an eminent Christian, and a Methodist class-leader, who died in London about the year 1834. And what of all this? Why, I feel my mind enlightened, and encouraged to persevere in the ways of religion; to be entirely the Lord's for time, and then I know he will take care of me in eternity. I am determined, let what will come, to serve the Lord. O! he has been so good to me the last twelve months; has borne with my waywardness, hard heartedness and unbelief, that now I cannot love him enough, or praise him too much. For about two months past I have felt Jesus to be my very

best friend, and I know that I love him above every thing. Yes, take health, or life, or wealth, or friends away, but give me my Saviour, my Jesus, and he will be enough. O what condescension, that he should deign to dwell in my poor heart! but I know, I feel that he is there, and I am his child, adopted into his family, through his death and intercession. Praise the Lord! But now I must take care, lest I fall, and walk disorderly. O Lord, help me to do right, and to go on to perfection, and never fall away!

'But can it be that I should prove
For ever faithful to thy love,
From sin for ever cease?
I thank thee for the blessed hope;
It lifts my drooping spirits up,
It gives me back my peace.

I rest in thine almighty power,
The name of Jesus is my tower,
That hides my life above:
Thou canst, thou wilt my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.'"

From the preceding extracts some estimate may be formed of the manner in which she was accustomed, for many of the latter years of her life, to spend the sabbath, in attending to her duties in the sabbath school, in the use of the

public means of grace, and also at home; as well as the pious exercises of her mind in her self-examinations, and the interest she ever felt for others. The following lines are deeply expressive of her exercises during the years with which the writer was acquainted with her:—

"Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues."

Thus did she improve the day, in hopes of enjoying an eternal sabbath in heaven, of which the earthly is but a type.

CHAPTER V.

HER BENEVOLENCE OF CHARACTER.

"Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
Shall eternity record;
Which she durst not call her own,
For she did them to the Lord."

So identified was the Christian character of Mrs. Howe with that of others, that it is exceedingly difficult to give any extended account of it, without singling out some of those objects which occupied so much of her thoughts, and in which her sympathies and energy were so greatly enlisted. She well knew there was nothing in her by nature or practice to recommend her to the favourable notice of God; and that it was all free and unmerited, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that she was what she was—"a sinner saved by grace." While she thus felt deeply humbled, on account of her own unworthiness, and gratitude unspeakable that she had been brought in her youth to seek for an interest in the Saviour, and that she had obtained the evidence that she was a child of God, she as well knew the same blessings, which had been so freely conferred upon her, were equally free for all, if they would but come to

the Saviour, in the use of the means appointed; and her life and conduct seemed to say,—

"O that the world would taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace!"

She viewed the whole plan of salvation as the most disinterested development of the character of God that could possibly have been given to our fallen race: that "though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich;" and that it was the Christian's privilege and duty to keep in mind, and aim after, obedience to the inspired injunction, "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children." Not that she was ever indifferent to her own soul's interest, for it was her highest aim "so to run that she might obtain;" and it was the satisfactory evidence of her daily experience, and the conviction on her mind, that if faithful to the end of life, she should win the prize, which urged her forward. Hence she was unceasing in her efforts to discharge her duty, which, as she understood it, was to do all the good she could, both to the souls and to the bodies of men. She ever took a lively interest in little children. In fact, if there was one object, above another, that attracted her attention,

over the passions of the child, realizing, that without this nothing could be done to any good purpose. Its waywardness was to be checked, its pride abased, its self-will subdued, its desires controlled, its spirit humbled, and every affection properly directed; and the sooner this was done, the sooner she believed it was prepared to be happy. Her unwearied efforts, inexhaustible patience, mildness of disposition, firmness of purpose, and undying love for little children, rendered her eminently successful in their management; for while she thus controlled them, she so won their affections that they loved always to be with her; and so familiar was she with the first principles of education, and also with the Holy Scriptures, that she was at no loss for interesting matter to amuse, and, at the same time, instruct them, without having recourse to the common nursery stories, most of which are founded on fiction. The alphabet, the vowel sounds, spelling simple words, geographical or astronomical tales, the history of animals, plants, flowers, birds; with stories from history, either sacred or profane, afforded her ample scope; and, as their capacities enlarged, she early taught them about God, the nature of sin, the necessity of repentance, and of a change of heart, that they might be enabled to love and

serve God on earth, and be everlastingly happy with him in heaven, to accomplish which she prayed with, and for them, and was careful of her deportment before them, that she might do nothing to counteract her labours. She also led them to the sabbath school, where they were more fully instructed in the nature and duties of religion. Nor were her efforts alone confined to little children. The youth ever shared largely in her affections; and none, perchance, ever admired an opening bud, with all its beauty and sweetness, more than she did the boy or the girl at this interesting period. The following extracts from her diary will give the reader some idea of her love for children and youth.

"*February* 12, 1836.—The kind Lord has been afflicting me, in a measure, by the death of a very interesting little girl, who has been, more or less, under my instructions for three years past. I think it has been, in some measure, for my good. I believe she is in glory, and now I have another one in heaven to look out for my arrival there.

"This day, two years ago, the Lord deprived me of a dear cousin, to whom I was much attached. She died in the triumphs of faith, at fourteen years of age. O Lord, forbid that I should be deprived of meeting all my dear

friends, that have gone before me, in heaven! Help me to do the things that are pleasing in thy sight, and cause my stubborn heart to yield.

"*March* 1, 1837.—I have been very closely engaged in school to-day, until half-past three, P. M. I find it oftentimes hard to deal justly with the children. It is so very difficult for me to punish, in any way, their waywardness, that I often fear I shall not do my duty to them; and yet I find they are very much attached to me. It would delight me, beyond measure, if I could prevail on them to do right, from correct motives and principles; but pride, revenge, and envy seem to take the lead, and often I say to myself, '*See how the prince of darkness* rules in these young hearts, and prompts them to evil.' I do love to see young Christians. What sight on earth is so lovely? Attended the last meeting of this year's board for the Juvenile Missionary Society this evening, barely a quorum being present, and not much business of importance transacted."

Extract from a letter, dated March 13, 1837.

"I entered school a little past ten o'clock this morning, and scarcely left the room again until near two o'clock, when I dined, but immediately returned, and stayed until half-past three o'clock; since then I have been occupied with sundry

employments, and by the time I have finished this, I shall feel quite prepared to forget all I can in sleep. The more I am with my little pupils, the more I love them, and desire that I may be instrumental, in some degree, in instilling into their minds such principles as shall lead them to become useful and virtuous members of society. These words, 'The seeds of sin grow up for death,' often come to my mind with great force, and I see them exemplified in the deportment of my girls daily; and sometimes I weep at the thought, that any of them should continue in sin and folly, and be eternally ruined; but I endeavour to commit them to the Lord in faith, and try to exhibit, in my dealings toward them, that I fear *Him*, and really desire them to do the same. I feel that I have need of much watchfulness, to enable me to refrain from making idols to myself among those who have endeared themselves to me by hundreds of circumstances, especially in the family. I try not to do it, and hope I shall succeed."

"*July* 10, 1836.—I have attended church three times to-day, and felt much profited under the preached word, and this afternoon especially. I felt Jesus very precious to me. I had the comfort of taking the blessed emblems of my Saviour's death from the hands of brother Chase,

rained hard, and mother was so unwell as not to be present. I felt rather indisposed. Took my music lesson, however, which was labour to me: and fear that I shall not make much proficiency.

"Set out a few minutes past six o'clock this afternoon to ride out with a friend, and did not get home until almost nine o'clock. We passed through a pleasant section of country, which I enjoyed. I feel grateful to my friend.

"27*th*.—Enjoyed the company of some young ladies this afternoon, with whom I have been acquainted since I was very young. One, especially, I feel much attached to, Miss E—— W——. Her manners, spirit, and disposition, seem to suit me exactly. After tea we spent some time upon the top of the house, and enjoyed the prospect much, the weather being very pleasant. This has been, altogether, an agreeable day to me; and I feel, that the best of all is, that Jesus is with me. O Lord, help me to do right!

"*Friday* 29*th*.—Had company again yesterday evening. In the afternoon three little girls visited us, who attended our school in Troy, four years ago. At the tea-table fourteen were seated, under eighteen years of age; and what

is rather singular, every one drank cold water; and I sent the tea-pot into the kitchen. Ma has been very sick, but is now better, though feeble. Dismissed school this afternoon for a five weeks' vacation, which we hail with joy. I felt sad at parting with the dear girls, lest the rude hand of death should snatch some of them away ere school shall reopen. The Lord, I trust, will keep them.

"*Saturday* 30*th*.—I have spent an agreeable, and, in some respects, a profitable day. In company with Miss W., I visited some acquaintances at the House of Refuge. I am convinced it is a place where a Christian can spend time with profit, in trying to do some good to the unfortunate ones who have there found a home apart (in some measure) from the throng that run fast in the course of sin; but it requires patience, and the grace of God, to do these depraved ones good; this, however, will be given if it be sincerely sought. I felt my heart rise in prayer to the Giver of *all* good, that he might make each of these wanderers a partaker of that atonement, and that mercy, which he has already provided for them.

"This afternoon and evening sister Elizabeth and I have had a little party, for the benefit of Miss B., a young lady from New-Jersey,

who was formerly a pupil in our school, but is now on a visit in town. It consisted of six young ladies, all formerly pupils of mother's, and three young gentlemen, old acquaintances. Mother was out, and I had to take the charge; but we had a very pleasant, sociable time. The latter part of the evening was spent in playing with a parlour ball, which occasioned considerable levity, I don't know but too much. How I wish the Saviour would employ, continually, the thoughts of my dear young friends; but religion is scarcely hinted at, much less closely conversed about, in any circle in which I meet them. O why this deadness, this languor of soul among those who profess to believe it to be their privilege to enjoy Jesus' love at all times!

"*Nov.* 13.—Various causes have prevented me from making entries in my book; but this evening, as I am favoured with an opportunity, I embrace it. To-day has been one of extraordinary interest in our church. We were called, in our Sunday school, to attend the funeral of one of our scholars, a young lad who was with us but last Lord's day morning, apparently in the enjoyment of as good health as the other children; but, on his return from meeting last Sunday afternoon, he was attacked with scarlet

fever, which terminated his life, of twelve years, on Friday afternoon. His remains were brought to the church this afternoon. The school assembled on the ground floor; a hymn, that was sung the last time the little lad was at school, was sung with affecting interest by the children; an appropriate address delivered by our minister, Rev. C. W. Carpenter, and then the procession proceeded to the ground, most of the male scholars following. We heard also, in school to-day, that two of the six little girls that removed from our school to Texas, a year last August, together with their mother, have gone to try the realities of another world, and that their father is engaged in the army; so the rest are little better than orphans. I trust their heavenly Father will take charge of them, and keep them from evil. These circumstances were well improved by our superintendents, and the children seemed really to feel. O that they would produce a feeling in our school that would lead many of our dear pupils to seek an interest in that Saviour of whom they hear so much! O that we were all, as the leaders of the school, earnestly engaged for a revival!

"Attended sacrament also this noon, at our church, which was an interesting season. It

was one of our oldest members* that lost his darling little son, whose funeral we attended this afternoon. But the Lord often sees fit to afflict those that trust in him."

TO MISS ALLEN.

"*New-York, Dec.* 12, 1836.

"Now, dear L., I have a more melancholy task to perform, in telling you of some that have left us for that state to which we are all hastening. Last Saturday we heard of the death of Mrs. Durbin, at Carlisle, Penn. She was visiting at Mr. Bunting's, at Crosswicks, last summer, but was suffering under a disease of the heart, of which, I suppose, she died. We have not yet heard the particulars. Mrs. J. J. White died about six weeks ago of a consumption; and a few sabbaths ago we were called to lament the death of three who had been scholars in our sabbath school. Two were sisters, and members of that interesting family which, perhaps you remember, removed from here to Texas. While there, two of them, with their amiable mother, died, and their father joined the army; so the others are little better than orphans. The other was John W. Worrall, who was at school one sabbath, on Friday numbered

* Henry Worrall.

with the dead, and on the sabbath following his remains were deposited in the grave. The occasion was improved by an appropriate discourse by brother Carpenter. He was an interesting child, and an attentive Sunday school scholar. His sickness was so violent and short, that we hardly heard of it ere he was no more. Yesterday we were called to attend the funeral of Sarah Hallock, one of our most lovely scholars. She was very studious, and remarkably quick of apprehension. She died of congestive fever, and was but thirteen years and nine months old. While sick, she experienced that comfort which alone gives peace in the last hour, and died a monument of the efficacy of that religion which the world knoweth not of. She took an affectionate farewell of her parents and sisters, and seemed perfectly resigned to her premature departure. We have now about fifty-eight scholars, including our own children; and, so far, we have spent the winter pleasantly. We continue to take lessons of Monsieur Deséze, and are getting on pretty well now. We translate French stories into English every lesson. Take a great deal of love to yourself. From your affectionate MARY."

The following entry furnishes an example of her method of correcting a little girl for improper conduct.

"*Wednesday, March* 21, 1838.—I have been in school, as usual, this week, and found it profitable to have my patience tried by some little circumstances. Yesterday one of the little girls took a lemon out of her neighbour's desk, and put it in her own bag, which being missed by the other, it was soon discovered. After school I took them by themselves, and inquired into particulars, and no doubt was left on my mind but that the suspected one was verily guilty. This grieved me very much; and after dismissing the aggrieved, I endeavoured to impress the mind of the culprit with her great sin in the sight of God, from whom no action can be hid. She wept considerably; and I kneeled down and prayed with her, and she said she was very sorry, and would never do so again: but I fear for her future course."

"*Dec.* 25, 1837.—Christmas again! Is it possible another year has passed away? The longer I live the more rapidly time appears to fly. So the years will come rapidly, one after another, until the year when all things shall come to an end, and the holy babe (in remembrance of whose birth we set apart this day)

shall appear the second time in omnipotence, to be our judge, and the awarder of our eternal destinies. My sincere desire and prayer is, that my destiny, and that of all my friends, may be with Jesus for ever in heaven. 'At half-past ten this morning I attended an anniversary of the Methodist Sunday school, in Mulberry-st. chapel; and as some of our day scholars were brought forward in exercises, I felt peculiarly interested. The lessons were well adapted, and excellently recited; the singing was charming, and every thing pleased me: but the dress of the little misses was too fine for a religious occasion in church. This afternoon attended another anniversary, in Bedford-street church. The exercises were interesting and numerous—rather too lengthy, I thought—but as these things come but once a year, I suppose it was excusable. Went to see Miss Thompson, to talk about the contemplated exhibition of our school. Came away pretty well discouraged. Arrived at home, took tea, then one of my best friends came in, and after a while we took a long walk, on business, and returned home. After attending prayers in the family, and reading and prayer in my own room, I resigned myself to sleep again, feeling very much in need of it. Altogether this has not been an unprofi-

table day to me, and I hope to reap some good from it."

A part of the summer of 1840 she passed out of the city. During her absence she addressed the following letter to Mr. H.

"*Half-past* 8 *o'clock, P. M., Nyack, Aug.* 19, 1840.

"My Dear John,—I have been trying, a long time, to get F——s asleep, that I might sit down and write to you in comfort; but it has been a difficult matter. However, I have succeeded—she is asleep at last. Dear little creature, she has tired me pretty well to-day. With the exception of a little while this afternoon, I have had the care of her ever since breakfast this morning. I am sure she must be tired too. Would you believe, she followed me away from the temperance tree, where the children were playing, nearly to the garden gate—up hill, you know, and a piece of tree in her hand. Once to-day I went to her down the hill, and there she stood, close to the fence, eating a bunch of elder-berries, her face, apron, and hands all stained with the juice. She is all life, and is getting quite an appetite. She wants to be out of doors all the time. The younger children do not like the trouble of her, and to the larger ones I fear she will be burdensome; so al-

though I enjoy myself in seeing her so amused, I get very much fatigued in keeping up with her. She enjoys swinging very much: she can hold on the ropes, and be swung alone, like the other children. My health is improved much. Could you be with us, we could go on many excursions. The last of the hay was got in last evening. If you can, do try and come up at three o'clock on Friday in the Warren. Mrs. P——e desired me to tell you to bring up some one to preach to them at Nyack next sabbath. I intended to write you a long letter, but find my eyes begin to pain me, and it will be all I can do to write a little more. I don't recollect ever feeling more contented away from home than at present. I like the place and the people much, and have considerable time for meditation. I think of you every day, and long to see you, but leave you in the hands of the Lord. My love to all our friends. How are the birds? get them a little salad. From your affectionate MARY HOWE."

Mrs. Howe's sympathies were not confined to children. She ever felt it obligatory upon her to help the helpless, and to relieve suffering humanity wherever she found it, to the extent of her ability, whether it related to the body or

to the mind; and especially to call the attention of those who were living without Christ to the subject of their souls' interest. Her efforts to do good were not so much the result of compassion, or feeling, (though she had a heart that could feel, and an eye from which the tear could flow,) as from a sense of right—an obligation which she owed, and which she could not fail in performing, without doing violence to her own enlightened judgment; and though duty might require considerable self-denial, and expose her even to the reproach of the cross of Christ, yet she was not in the least daunted. Often has she been heard to say, "What is the money for, if not to do good with? and what are our endowments given us for, but to relieve human suffering?" Nor was she hindered from putting forth efforts, or making sacrifices for others, by any distrust in the providence or grace of God in reference to the future. She thought it wicked not to enjoy the present blessings, leaving the future to the disposal of her heavenly Father. She believed that he who fed her last would feed her still; and her life and conduct plainly said,

> "My wants to-day are all supplied,
> To-morrow, it may be said, She died."

She was perfectly free from all distressing anxiety or gloomy forebodings; fearing neither the world, its poverties or cares; realizing, that while she abode in Christ she was amply able to act her part, and that the grace of God would be all-sufficient for every time of need. Nor was she desirous to lay up for herself or for her children treasure on earth. It seemed to her to imply a distrust in God: her only anxiety being to do those things which were pleasing in his sight; often remarking, "We do not know what will be on the morrow."

In relation to Christians giving their money for the support of the gospel at home and abroad, she often expressed her fears that, as a general thing, they gave with too stinted a hand; and one day, in speaking of a family who had been liberal in times past in giving to support all the enterprises of the church, but now, from reverses, are reduced, she remarked, "It was not giving that reduced them; so long as they continued giving they were prospered." She thought it wrong for Christians in general, and Methodists in particular, to unite themselves to charitable societies, made up of worldly persons, for the purpose of providing for any future exigences, believing all that was necessary for a child of God was, faithfully to serve him, and

that he would fulfil his promise, in providing all things necessary. She saw in God an inexhaustible store, and believed that she had nothing to fear, so long as she faithfully discharged her duty. She had no thought of living for herself; and her greatest happiness consisted in contributing her mite to render others happy. This trait in her character began to develop itself when she was quite a child: even then, when a neighbour or friend was sick, she could not think she had done her duty until she had proffered her services. She would find out the poor, and do for them what she could; and after having exhausted her own little store, represent the case at home, or to some friends, who could impart of their substance, of which she would cheerfully be the bearer. While she was thus studious for the happiness of her own family circle, and for the poor, the sick, and cases of a peculiar character which came within her own knowledge, they were by no means the sole objects of her regard. Her mind took a comprehensive view of the church and its obligations, and then of the wants of the world, and of the sacrifice of money, ease, and self-gratification which must be made by Christians ere the gospel would be published to every creature. She was often led to converse about the

millions of souls, both at home and abroad, who were perishing for lack of effort on the part of the church, and seemed to feel her personal obligation to aid, as far as she could, in hastening that long-anticipated time, when all shall know the Lord, from the least unto the greatest. But it was not to human instrumentality alone that she looked; for she well knew, that unless the Holy Spirit were given to sanction the means used, all would be of no avail; and in the use of the means appointed, her constant prayer was, that the blessing of the great Head of the church might accompany all the enterprises of individuals in particular, and of the church in general. A few extracts from her diary will furnish the reader with her own thoughts in relation to these interesting subjects.

"*January* 1, 1836, *past eleven o'clock.*—My soul! another year has rolled into eternity: hast thou prepared thyself more diligently the past year, than thou didst the last, for thy eternal destiny? Art thou more filled with God's love? Dost thou delight in his ways as much as ever? I do feel that my soul is in a better state than at this date last year. I think I have partially overcome some besetting sins; but I feel that I am very far short of what it is my duty and delightful privilege to be. This even-

ing attended a love-feast at John-street church, (which stands on the same place that the first Methodist Episcopal Church in America stood.) The meeting was impressive. A new convert (a merchant from Havana) gave his experience. He was converted the twentieth of November, at Boston. His case is one of extreme interest.

"Coming home I was earnestly conversed with on the duty of more young persons devoting themselves to the cause of missions, and becoming willing to do the will of the Lord in that respect, although at a very great sacrifice. I was pressed to consider the matter prayerfully and submissively. Regarding myself, I have long thought that the Lord has some work for me to do, and yet I am not willing to inquire and find out his will concerning me, for fear I shall have to resign worldly enjoyment and gratification; and, to sum up the whole matter, give up my own perverse and stubborn will. O my Lord, help me to do right! I do mean to endeavour to be more faithful to my dear Saviour this coming year: but I know that all resolutions, however good, will avail nothing, because I feel that I need, every moment, the merits of the Saviour's death—grace.

"*Feb.* 12, 1836.—This has been a day of

privilege to me. I enjoyed the Rev. Mr. Griswold's sermon from, 'The love of Christ constraineth us,' &c.; and also the holy sacrament, which was administered at the close of the service. I was rather discouraged in the Sunday school: both the superintendents were absent; but, being exceedingly pressed with my own duties, I felt little disposed to take theirs upon me; so the school seemed to manage itself. In the afternoon two of our best teachers brought me their class books, saying, 'that they were so discouraged, that they had come to the conclusion to give up, thinking that other persons, perhaps, might do more good to their classes.' I told them to wait in faith, and that they would likely see the fruit of their labours hereafter; but they replied, 'they had waited, and that if they could see the slightest degree of encouragement, they would remain; but as they could not, they would go.' There is a fault somewhere in our school. I almost feel wearied myself—not wearied in well-doing, but in going from sabbath to sabbath, performing the same routine of business, and seeing, apparently, so little good done. If the children were but serious and quiet while under the eye of their teachers, that would be some comfort: but no, they are playful to the extreme; two-thirds of

them indifferent to their lessons, and but three or four who make any pretensions to be pious in the school. What can be done? I believe, if the officers and teachers continued to pray in faith at home, in secret, for the school, the Lord would regard us in mercy, and bring our dear pupils to seek his favour in their youthful days. There is a teachers' prayer meeting appointed for to-morrow evening, but it was given out with a faint heart, for fear there would not be a sufficient number present to form a quorum; but I obtained the promise of some to attend, and I trust the Lord will make it a profitable time.

"*Feb.* 22, 1836.—I have, I think, lived more according to the hope that is expressed above, since I last wrote. The Lord has been afflicting the church sorely the last week, in the destruction of their large Book Establishment, the profits of which were applied to the relief of poor worn-out Methodist preachers, and the widows and orphans of those deceased. The institution is well known to me; and when we heard, before six o'clock last Thursday morning, that the noble edifice, which had been erected but eighteen months, was in flames, with all its contents, (except the account-books, and a few hundred dollars' worth of books out of the store,) our hearts sickened

at the intelligence. Pa, my sister, brother, cousin, and myself, hastened to the place, and beheld the flames issuing from all quarters, with all the violence which that most destructive element of nature could command. When I saw that the building was lost, (as no human means could save it,) I at first was led to repine and murmur at it, and relieved my distressed heart by a shower of tears; but, after lifting my thoughts up to the Lord, and remembering his loving kindness, even in his chastisements and afflictions, I found comfort, and was enabled to say sincerely, 'The Lord doeth right; it is his will; I must and will submit.' I hope to feel more humble under the afflicting rod of Jehovah than I do. I know that chastening is needful for me.

"*Sunday* 28, 1836.—The many cares of this week have not allowed me to write any in my diary, but the Lord has been near to me. I heard three sermons last sabbath, which were very much blessed to me. I have not been so much affected at my own state, and that of the church, in a long season, as I then was. Rev. P. Chamberlin, in the afternoon, particularly dwelt upon the afflictions which have befallen the church lately, namely, first, that the membership of the church, instead of having increased

by thousands, as in former years, has indeed decreased. Second, the sudden death of our junior bishop, (Emory,) by a fall from his wagon, which caused a contusion of the brain, and permitted him to survive but a few hours. And, thirdly, the calamity I have noticed at my last date, the burning of the Book Room.

"I went up to the new Methodist Episcopal Church in Eighteenth-street this evening, and heard my dear —— preach on the hidden treasure contained in earthen vessels, &c., &c. I hope that many souls may be born again in that church. Ma has been very sick the last week, but I am thankful that she is yet spared us, and her former health is returning. I have given way to-day, I feel, to too much lightness of conversation and spirit. I do desire to be a steady, uniform, and consistent Christian.

"*Monday, March* 7.—I am so crowded with other things, that I cannot seem to get time enough to do my feelings justice, in entering them more frequently in my journal. Since my last date, I have endeavoured to pray and read the Lord's word more, and have found it profitable so to do. To-night I feel my mind deeply impressed with the necessity of keeping a vigilant watch over my poor unstable heart. I am so apt to do wrong, without taking care to do

right, that sometimes I almost conclude I am no Christian at all. I attended, this evening, the first managers' meeting of a Youth's Missionary Society, with which I have the privilege of being connected. An excellent spirit prevailed, and all seemed to feel heartily for the poor heathen. When reading accounts from those who have taken their lives in their hands, and bid adieu to earthly friends for time, and of the prosperity of the work intrusted to them, I am almost ready to cry out, 'O that I had some more active place in this part of the Lord's vineyard!' and yet I do not doubt, if the Lord should plainly show it to be his will that I should be a missionary, that I would not yield up my love of self, and my obstinate and perverse will, however much I might have desired it before. I have resolved, in union with a friend, to be more diligent in the morning; and, by rising earlier, accomplish that which, by wasting time in bed, (not in sleep,) would be unavoidably lost.

"*March* 20.—I have enjoyed myself to-day exceedingly, both at home and at church. Heard a sermon addressed to the sabbath schools attached to five of our churches, by Rev. Lewis Pease. It was excellent. I was much refreshed in my soul, and encouraged, by his arguments and anecdotes, to persevere in the

Sunday school cause. O Lord, help me to be found always in the path of duty!

"*March* 22, 1836.—I have many feelings this afternoon which are pleasant, and have been produced, no doubt, through the influence of that religion which I profess, but so faintly let shine in my deportment. I have just finished reading the narrative of a novice and a nun, (mother and daughter,) who were convinced of the error of the artful and diabolical system of Papistry, (for religion it must not, cannot, be called,) and brought to know that a Saviour died for them; and to feel, in their hearts, that their sins were blotted out, not by the mummery of a priest, bishop, or a pope, but through the merits and for the alone sake of Jesus, the only dear and beloved Son of God. I feel to praise the Lord that I am not only in a land, but in a house of Bibles, and that I have access to his blessed word at all times. O that I could do something to illumine the darkness that surrounds the minds of the poor deluded Catholics!

"I was much drawn out in prayer this afternoon for myself, and for several near and dear friends, some of whom I am not permitted to see now; but I cherish the delightful anticipation, if not permitted to see them more on earth, of meeting them—where? Ah! in heaven at last.

I feel to praise the Lord for what I now enjoy of his presence. I know I have my sins forgiven, through Jesus Christ my Lord.

"*April* 13.—Still my heavenly Parent deigns to own me for his child, and bless me, by shedding his love abroad in my heart. I praise and thank him for his unbounded goodness toward me. Last evening I attended a missionary anniversary, in the Duane-street M. E. Church, and was much edified with the accounts given of the work in different parts of the world. I felt my whole soul drawn out in love for the poor heathen, and almost like resolving to devote myself to this glorious work. What the Lord means to call me to I know not; but whatever he sees right for me, I hope, through his grace, to be able to submit to. If I could conscientiously follow my own inclination, I could soon mark out a way to please self; but I know this will not do: if I would do right, I must take up the cross, and deny myself of pleasure, and perhaps of all that I count dear; yes, it may be that which is dearer to me than all on earth besides. Ah! when shall I have attained grace to enable me to do this. O that I prayed more in faith!

"*May* 6, *near twelve o'clock, P. M.*—Attended love-feast this evening, and found it exceedingly

profitable to me. There were some, I thought, let their zeal outdo their knowledge; but I hope the Lord will enable them to walk circumspectly, and make them really humble Christians. I could say much of the meeting, but it is now too late.

"*Dec.* 28, 1836.—Yesterday and to-day have been cold, very cold. Winter has really shown himself to be again what he has been before, a stern one, that cannot be resisted. This morning, immediately after breakfast, I went out on an errand, and found it severely cold. Saw some little children, clad in tatters, begging, and the sight affected my heart; but what can I do for them? O that I could relieve them! But unless the parents of many poor children can be brought to be industrious, frugal, and moral at home, distress will always exist, more or less, among them. After my errand, I went to try and get some clothing from a society, for a young couple and their child, two months old only. It seems that she (the mother) ran away from boarding school with this young man, their friends not being willing to their union, and came from Scotland to this country, he anticipating getting a clerkship in some establishment; but, having no friends, his efforts have entirely failed, and they have been pawning

their clothes, living in a cellar, with only a little fire in a furnace, which they put out after cooking their scanty meal, and are yet too proud to apply for assistance to any society. But benevolence has found them out, and I am in hopes that something will be done for them. They desire, if possible, to sail next week for Scotland. Poor young people! I suppose they thought they could get through the world without the help of their friends.

"*Feb.* 16, 1837.—The weather to-night is very stormy. O how I think of those who are on the ocean's briny wave, and of those who have no place that they can call a home!

"*May* 12, 1837.—This evening sixteen young persons from our home attended a missionary anniversary. Three of us, under twenty-one years of age, are managers, and of course we all felt deeply interested in the welfare of the meeting. It was better attended than we anticipated, the house being crowded. Three native Indians, with their missionary, Rev. J. Clark, were present. Mr. C. and one of the Indians gave addresses. Afterward two of the Indians sung, in the Chippeway language, the hymn commencing,

'O for a thousand tongues to sing.'

The Rev. J. J. Matthias, governor of Bassa Cove, Africa, and Mr. C. C. North, addressed the meeting. A large collection was then taken up."

TO MISS E. FILER.

"*N. Y., June* 19, 1837, *Monday morning.*

"Dear Elizabeth,—I am afraid you begin to think that my promise of punctuality is already forgotten; but this communication will, I hope, show to the contrary. I had a letter partly written to you on Wednesday last; but being very anxious to send you some word from your cousin J——'s family, I deferred closing it until I should have an opportunity to see them. Your aunt and cousin intend making you a visit, and will leave New-York on Wednesday next; and it is their particular wish that you should accompany them on their return, and to this I am sure we will all heartily respond.

"Now about the blind girl. Well, the next morning after I arrived, I went to see A——a, and delivered your letter. The money she said was very acceptable, as the girl was beginning to feel very uneasy about it. She has changed her boarding place, where she will not have to pay near as much, but A——a could not tell exactly how much it would be. She thought perhaps the thirteen dollars would be sufficient;

but as the subject is in agitation now, we concluded, (just here I have been obliged to stop, by Tommy's coming up to me and saying, 'Sister Mary, there are two poor men at the door, and they want to know if we can give them some work. Mother is in school, so she sent me up to tell you.' I have been down, and find them decent weavers; but they said to me, 'Our trade is ruined, in fact, all trades are, and we have not had work for ten weeks.' I took them in the cellar, and set them to splitting a load of wood, for which I told them I would give them some raw potatoes, and a little money,) that as she would have to pay her passage home, and will incur other expenses, you had better urge the matter, and get money for her while you can. I suppose it must have cleared off in Troy, as it did down the river the day we started; so you did not, I hope, feel uneasy about us. Miss A——a laid down in a berth almost as soon as she came on board, and did not think it best to rise again until near dinner time; so she lost a good piece of the day, and a great deal of the beautiful scenery. I spent the day pleasantly, although I did not meet with any acquaintances until we were almost at Newburgh. I then found an old lady, of former acquaintance; but as she landed there, we were

soon separated, and I was again left to my own resources. I amused myself with reading, silent observations on the different individuals around me, and looking at the enchanting scenery on the banks of our noble river. Of this I cannot say too much. I believe I shall always delight to gaze upon it when I have the opportunity. We found the family well, and I met with a hearty reception.

"Last Thursday was held as a day of fasting and prayer by the different denominations in this city, in reference to the great difficulties our citizens are thrown in, both rich and poor, on account of our general embarrassments. In the morning prayer meetings were held in the different churches, and a general meeting in the afternoon at the Tabernacle, at which, I think, five addresses were delivered, some by Presbyterians, some by Baptists, and one by a Methodist minister, singing and prayer between each. The meeting was solemn and impressive, calculated to melt down every feeling heart. The state of things in town is appalling. We have about twenty beggars at our door a day, and what we can do seems to be but as a drop in the ocean. The poor cannot get work, and what little some may have they are liable not to be paid for. I was told by a lady, on board the steamboat, that

she had heard from Saratoga and Ballston, and that there were but three boarders at the two places. I must now affectionately bid you adieu.

"M. MASON."

TO THE SAME.

"*New-York, July* 21, 1837.

"I am very happy, my dear E——h, to hear from you again; but concerned that your dear mother has been obliged to undergo so much fatigue from unavoidable excitement. I hope, however, that after a while she will recover from it.

"My pupils are all gone but one, and I assure you we are all glad when three o'clock comes, for we find it very irksome, both to teachers and children, to be in school during this month. We all feel so listless, and, at times, fretful, that I think less is accomplished during this month than any other in the year. Mother is considerably indisposed, yet she goes through her regular rounds of duty. The present plan for August is, that the family are to spend the time in the country. As for me, it is decided that I shall stay at home for housekeeper.

"Religion, in most of our churches, seems to be at a pretty low ebb, notwithstanding the chastisements we are visited with. Poor peo-

ple are so numerous, that benevolence cannot supply their wants. I suppose we have twenty or more beggars at our door daily. We know their story *is true*, but we know not how to relieve them *all*. As for me, I wish to be more humble than I am. I think I cling too eagerly to the pleasant things of life. I do love to live, as regards household matters, like other people, and yet I know it is wrong to feel so. What shall I do to prepare my mind to be willing to receive whatever shall, in the course of providence, be my lot? I wish I was not so proud. In ruminating over the probable changes I shall have to meet with in future life, I sometimes think I shall not be able to undergo them; but I find the chief reason is, or will be, that I cannot have my pride gratified. However, I will endeavour to trust in the Lord, and I hope the reality will not be so bad as I imagine. I should love dearly to continue our correspondence, but in your next do try and tell me something more (if you can) to encourage me, or tell me how to think.

"This has been a very pleasant summer with us. We have taken many long walks, and have enjoyed a great deal of pleasant company. The weather has not been uncomfortably warm. Give my love to Miss M. E. Youngs, and all my

friends with whom you have intercourse. Yours, affectionately, M. MASON."

"P. S. I had nearly forgotten to thank you for your tale of the Indian lecturer. I read it to my pupils, and they desired me to answer your letter, and ask you to communicate more about him. I shall endeavour to see him, if he comes to the city. M. M."

"*Dec.* 30.—Yesterday visited two sick friends, a young woman and a little boy. This little one has been blistered, and leeched, and has suffered a great deal; but is now, I hope, mending. I sat up all night, until four o'clock this morning, when I laid down. Throughout the day I have been much engaged, and when the hour of my class came, I would not leave off until I had finished what I was doing; so I got there very late. I verily believe that 'Satan would have me, that he might sift me as wheat.' I spent more time, perhaps, than is right, in regulating things about. There is danger of one's being too careful about such things; and sometimes I suffer myself to indulge in fretfulness because things are not in as good order as they should be. O that I could always learn to choose Mary's better part, at the Saviour's

feet! I obtained the promise of three dollars from the New-York Clothing Society, for the poor Scotch family.

"*Nov.* 20.—Yesterday was a good day to me. I felt my feelings peculiarly drawn out for the welfare, bodily and spiritual, of those around me; and yet I had not as ample opportunity in the sabbath school, as I desired, to endeavour to say or do something for the Lord. My business was of a hasty, bustling nature all the while in school. All seem to repose much confidence in me, but I do not feel altogether worthy of it.

"*Feb.* 7, 1838.—Last evening attended preaching in the Allen-street church, where a protracted meeting has been in continuance for four weeks past. The sermon was delivered by Dr. Fisk, from Middletown, Connecticut. It was a plain account of the plan of salvation, and the way in which a penitent sinner may receive justification, namely, by faith in Christ, who says to the sinner, when he believes, 'I will, be thou clean.' The prayer meeting was interesting, and the altar was surrounded with those desiring to find the Saviour. My sister A—— and brother B—— went forward. I believe they are both sincere; but brother's heart is hard. The Lord, I have no doubt, will bring it

to a proper state. This evening sister Elizabeth and I attended a lecture by Mr. Buckingham on Jerusalem. This is the fifth lecture from him on the Land of Palestine we have listened to, with great interest. He is a practical lecturer. When I returned home, I found that sister A——, with two young ladies boarding with us, and attending school, had all been to Allen-street church, and sister A—— had found the pearl of great price; and, indeed, they were all praising the Lord, and father was singing a hymn of praise. When I entered the room, A. says, 'O Mary, what a Saviour I have found! O how the Lord has blessed me!' And when brother B. came in, she says, 'O Ben, seek, and you *shall* find!' I praise the Lord for what he has done; for the prayers he has heard in the behalf of our family. I have faith to believe that we will all eventually make a family in heaven. O! the Lord does hear prayer. Praise his holy name! My heart is encouraged to walk in the narrow way. I know the Lord will help me. Last week two others of our family professed to find the Saviour, while kneeling at the altar in the Allen-street church, Miss B. and Miss M.; and now, though about eleven o'clock, P. M., while I am writing, they are singing in their room,

'O.! who's like Jesus, Hallelujah,
Love and serve the Lord.'

I have been quite sick to-day, and had to leave school, and lie down for about two hours; but am better now, and thank the Lord for it. If I were taken sick, I think it would be requisite for me to pray for much patience; for I have enjoyed such uninterrupted health for eight years, that a severe sickness would, I fear, find me impatient. Now I desire that some of my young acquaintances in Greene-street church should resolve to give their hearts to the Lord. I must try if I cannot do something to put them in the way of it. O! this good religion is above all price. Lord, help me ever to keep it, and to keep my steps from straying into by and forbidden paths!"

On sabbath, March 11, 1838, she makes the following interesting entry:—

"It is some time since I have made an entry in my book; but it has been for want of opportunity. I have not had time in the day, and at night I have been so fatigued, generally, as to feel inadequate to collect and pen my thoughts correctly. Since my last date, I have daily had great reason to bless the Lord for his mercies. A little brother has been added to our family, and I feel, as a sister, that additional obligations are laid upon

me to discharge, with fidelity, a sister's duties. Again I realize that another tie is added, to bind me yet closer to the dear home which soon I must leave for another:* and when I reflect, that I am to be deprived of having the same care and interest for him, should he live, that it has been my happy lot to have over the others, it makes me feel keenly, and I give way to tears. All that I can do now is to pray for him, and leave the future to the Lord; and who can tell but what some opportunity may offer itself for me to be yet of special benefit to him. The Lord has been graciously reviving his work in our Sunday school. Many, for whom I have long prayed, are happy in the Lord their Saviour. I cannot express how thankful I feel for this; and I am sure, if for three years past I have had one prominent desire, it has been that we might see our youth and scholars turning to the Lord. For this I have laboured and prayed; and I had almost concluded, about the last of 1837, that there was but little use in my going to sabbath school any longer, being well nigh discouraged; but now the answer is come, my heart is encouraged, and I will trust in Jesus for ever. This evening we all stayed home from church, and the younger children proposed

* She alludes to her anticipated marriage.

having prayer meeting among themselves; consent was given, and nine of them, including two of my brothers, two of my sisters, two boarders, and a little servant girl, entered into the meeting with spirit. After awhile I went to the door, and my brother was praying. He prayed for every one of our own family, by name, in a very impressive manner. O how my heart praised the Lord! I could not refrain from praising him aloud. This brother, for whom I have prayed so much, is at last softened, and melted into tenderness, and has yielded to the Saviour. Praise the Lord! All in the room were under fifteen years of age. As I entered the room they were sobbing and crying, singing and praying, and little ——, only seven years old, was weeping very much. I dare say they will all remember this evening in coming years, should they live.

"*Sabbath evening, April* 9, 1838.—The past week has been rather a trying one, in some respects, to me; and yet, in many things, it has been pleasant too. I have been exceedingly busy in worldly concerns, and have not felt as well as usual: my eyes being weak, have afflicted me in school very much; but I have felt the Saviour to be near at hand through all, and found comfort in secret prayer, and in endea-

vouring to make every thing bend to religion. For more than six weeks past I have been obliged to open school every morning with prayer, and I am confident this cross has been of benefit to me; and I trust the exhortations I have given the girls may never be lost on them. O! it is my heart's desire, that all who have been under my care may be saved from sin's destructive ways in this world, and from eternal destruction after death. Rose rather late this morning, which made me late at the sabbath school. Feeling my responsibility, as superintendent, I endeavoured to be there in time. As soon as I entered I was informed that efforts were making to bring our school under the influence of some who intended to introduce radicalism; but I will use what influence I have to prevent it. I greatly dread that the seeds of discontent, contention, and disrespect for superiors should be brought more extensively into our school than they are already. Where harmony and love are absent, no school can flourish.

"*June* 15, 1838.—Attended class this afternoon with sister Elizabeth. There was but one other present besides the leader. We had a profitable season, however. I was called on to close, and felt a good deal of liberty in

prayer. After class, called on two friends, to get some money for Mrs. M., at the city hospital, who is very destitute; and then went to the hospital, and saw the nurse of the ward, who advised me not to leave any thing for her now, but to keep it awhile, as they have it in anticipation to remove her to the alms house, where she will be in more need of it. She wants, however, but little at the present, nor will she want that little long."

TO MISS FILER.

"*New-York, Feb.* 26, 1838.

"My Dear Elizabeth,—I now feel that an additional tie is added to those which already bind me with so much force to my home; and that a sister's duty is required of me toward the little stranger; that if he should live, I must, in a future period, account for the manner in which I have discharged my duty: yet when I write this, it is with a tender heart, and tears in my eyes, at the thought of my being differently situated in regard to him from what I have been to the others. The unwelcome reflection, that a partial separation from him will cause him, perhaps, to regard me with less affection than the other children have done, makes me feel very unpleasant, and causes me almost to wish I

could but be of Anna's age again. One of the chief sources of happiness to me is, to have the affections of my brothers and sisters; and if I can only see them walking in the paths of virtue and religion, it is all I ask or want as a reward for any care or anxiety I have ever had on their account. But I look to the Lord for help: he alone can support me. Give my love to Mary E., and wish her joy: tell her, too, she has more need of religion and patience than she ever had before. I hope she is striving to serve the Lord with redoubled diligence. While I think of it, I will trouble you to inform me when you write whether you have heard lately from M——y M——l. I have forgotten her new name. I must tell you too that A—— has professed to experience religion at the altar in Allen-street church, and I believe the work is genuine. Two other little girls, boarding with us, profess the same. The meeting in Allen-street was a glorious one; about one hundred were converted in four weeks. Some very interesting cases have occurred, which, if I had time, I would tell you of. Forsyth-street has been visited graciously; and, at last, poor Greene-street is receiving some drops from the cloud, and a good work is in progress. In our sabbath school four or five of the elder girls

were blessed last week; and we have established a young people's prayer-meeting on sabbath afternoon, after church, which is well attended, and reminds us more of the delightful meetings we used to have in Troy than any we have attended since we have been in New-York. Our youth's class has shared largely in the work. Mr. C——d's son, who you recollect was at your house, and a son of Rev. S—y—r L——n also are among its subjects. Brother B—j—n has been seeking for some weeks, and we are praying and hoping for better things yet. In many of the Presbyterian churches much good is being done. My dear Elizabeth, you inquire how I feel in my own mind, &c. I am thankful that I can say, I do put my whole trust in God, and religion appears more lovely than ever. What I should do now without its comforts I know not. The Lord has supported me in a gracious manner lately, and I feel willing, I think, to put every thing into his hands, believing, as he loves me, every thing will be made subservient to my good, whether it appears so to me or not. When I think of leaving home, it seems as if hundreds of cords were bound round my heart, and that I never can unloose them, but must break through them all: nevertheless, I am going

with my own free consent, and if I repent, (which I don't anticipate I shall,) I will have no one to blame but myself.

"M. MASON."

TO MISS ALLEN.

"*March* 19, 1838.

"Dear Lila,—Times are indeed appalling. The poor suffer much, and all classes are beginning to feel sensibly the want of money. But while temporal things are in such a bad and confused state, spiritual improvement is taking place among all denominations, and in almost every *church that believes in a change of heart.* Allen-street is sharing very largely in divine things. You have often heard Elizabeth speak of L. Dusenbury; she is one *of the happy* converts. Dr. Skinner's church has been the seat of an *extensive* revival, as is also Mr. Ebbet's, (Baptist.) The Lord is gathering in all parts of Christendom to himself. The 'signs of the times are ominous.' Let us take heed to our own state, Lila, that we use the means given us now, in this our gracious day. I enjoy my mind pretty well; but there are sad deficiencies in my walk, which I hope to correct. Love to aunt E., and all your friends. Write soon. Affectionately, M. HOWE."

TO MISS FILER.

"*New-York, Aug.* 7, 1838.

"Dear Elizabeth,—I was highly gratified to receive your communication. Although I had frequently heard from you by friends from Troy, yet they did not give as definite an account of your dear mother's health as I was desirous to have. We heard again, a few days since, through Rev. Mr. S——r. From your long silence I was doubtful whether you had received my letter, written in April; but I knew that if you had time you would have written. I was aware you had a multitude of things to do, and much care and anxiety withal; so you must not think that I have thought you wanting in regard for us here. I wrote a long letter to you about the middle of June last, and put it in my writing desk; and neglecting to send it to the office for some days, it became so uninteresting to me, that I gave up all thoughts of sending it. So you find I did not wait until you should write again before I wrote, although you never got the letter. There has not a day passed since, but that I have wished for time to write to you. It is now past eleven o'clock, P. M. I have been home about half an hour, having been to spend the evening with Miss

E. W——s. This is the first evening I have been abroad in a long while. The weather has been so excessively hot this summer, that we have all felt debilitated, and a great part of the time almost good for nothing. I must retire to rest now; but as I have this commenced, I hope soon to be able to finish it. I have much to say to you, but at present good night.

"*August* 14.—Well, dear Elizabeth, you observe a week has passed away since I wrote the above; not for want of inclination, but for want of time and ability. I might write often, before retiring, if it were not from fatigue and sleep taking such fast hold of me generally, that I have to give it up.

"Now about the babe;* his name is Francis Asbury. He was baptized by Bishop Soule at home. At the christening were present, Bishops A——w and M——s, Messrs. C——s, W——t, (of Cincinnati,) and a missionary from Missouri, Mrs. H——, and Mrs. M——s. All concur in the opinion, that Frank is the most promising of all the children. He is now about five and a half months old; can sit alone playing on the floor an hour; can stand alone by the back of a chair, and look out of the window; brandish a whip; cry after mother and my-

* Her infant brother.

self; can go up and down stairs; tear a whole newspaper up in a very few minutes, or leaves out of books; cry loud enough to be heard a block off; or laugh so that you may hear him all over the house. Not much fear about him; go to any body, coloured or white: in short, I am sure if you were to see him, and did not know his age, you would guess he was eight or nine months old. We cannot trust him on the bed without putting chairs all around it: he rolls himself over and over, and thus, more than three weeks ago, he tumbled off, when none of us were in the room. His passions are of the strongest kind: when good natured, he laughs immoderately; but when in one of his tantrums, he screams and kicks with all his might, and sometimes it takes two of us to get on his clothes. I never knew so young a child to be so strong. This morning, while on the floor, he took hold of one corner of the hearth-rug, and with one tug drew it quite out of its place. I don't think your ma could hold him five minutes. His activity renders him tiresome to nurse, but I would rather he would be so than cross, and of the latter no one can accuse him justly. I am sorry you could not call while passing through our city; it would have afforded us much pleasure. I wish, almost every day, you

lived near us, so many things occur that I should like to tell you of; and then it would be so pleasant to see and talk with your dear mother often. I thank you for your kind remembrance of me under the unexpected trial I was called to meet; and I bless the Lord that I can testify, with you, that he is peculiarly near in time of trouble. I never felt my utter dependance on him before; and, by his grace assisting, I have been enabled to cast *all* into his hands, only desiring that I might have a spirit of faith and submission. These have been granted me, in a good degree, and the bitterness of the cup has been taken away. O Elizabeth, I never felt to love my Saviour so much before! I have not felt the least disposition to complain, but have felt to praise God that he, in his infinite mercy, was pleased to take this means to show me, that to put reliance in the flesh or on the world, in any degree, is vanity; and that to be truly useful or truly happy, we must live a life of devotedness to him. Neither would I have the affliction taken away, until it has accomplished the end for which it was sent. How much—very much is implied in the sentence, 'Thy will be done!' How often I have said the words without regarding the immense responsibility and suffering that might be con-

tained in their accomplishment! I felt this trial keenly: all our fair prospects blighted so quickly, and fears lest I should be unhappy, made me really sick: but I found there was no other way for me to do but to give up my own way, and look to the Lord for strength. This I did, and found that 'he was waiting to be gracious.' And now I feel ashamed that I was so unbelieving. I wish my paper was as large again, I want to tell you so many things. Do write to me soon—next week, or sooner, if you can. I will try to be punctual in answering. We are always glad to hear from you. I suppose you see brother Remington sometimes: give my love to him, and all inquiring friends. Last Friday was my birth-day. I was then twenty years of age. It does not seem possible. When we moved to Troy I was not quite eleven years old. If I could go to Troy without any others knowing it but your folks, I don't know but I should try very much to get there, I do want to see your ma so much. My love to her and your father. Can you tell why M. E. Y——g does not write to me sometimes? My love to her ma, and William H. You must not think me foolish for saying so much about the babe: it is all true, and I thought it would amuse your ma to hear

about him: he has blue eyes. Still pray for me, dear Elizabeth, and don't neglect to let us hear from you soon. Yours affectionately,

"M. MASON.

"Mother bought Mrs. Sigourney's new book, 'Letters to Mothers,' yesterday; and this afternoon I was reading it while holding Frank, and some of the sentiments touched my heart so that I was constrained to weep. I am very fond of her writings; but in this book the thoughts and the language are so simple and exquisite, that the heart must be hard that would not feel deeply in perusing them. I wish you were near, that we might lend it to you, with many other books; but you can procure it in Troy. Remember me. M. M."

TO MRS. ISABELLA STEBBINS.

"*May* 12, 1839.

"Dear Aunt,—I am really sorry it has been so long since the reception of your favour before I have begun to answer it. It has been daily upon my mind, like an old debt. But now for news, and never mind apologies, but forget and forgive. Well, Elizabeth arrived safely home yesterday. She had been waiting in Charleston three weeks for the company she expected to come on with her, and then a week ago on

Monday she received a letter from them, saying they would not be there in twelve days. She was so homesick that she could not wait any longer, but immediately took passage, and sailed the next day. They had a pleasant voyage of one week: the captain and passengers were very kind to her, so the voyage was made pleasantly. You never saw a person more delighted to get home. She was so elated that mother had to beg her to be composed. She is very well, apparently. She went over to see cousin and grandmother this morning, and she wishes very much to see you. (I am alone, and feel it more sensibly, from being used to much company—little ones and others—when writing or doing any thing else: but here it is still, save the old clock's tick, which seems sociable to me now.) We should like to go to see you, but at present *I* have not time. I learn from aunt M.'s letter, received on Monday at your mother's, that you have not begun to build yet. Well, you must have patience, and all will come straight by and by. Persons in your condition require considerable patience and forbearance, but you know you cannot ask for more help from on high than can be, or will be granted. I always think, when we enter upon a new station, if we feel satisfied we are in the

path of duty, then the greatest point is settled, and it remains for us to set our hearts in that path to the very best of our ability; and it becomes us to try our utmost to find out what we ought to do, and, if we have a single eye, we will be blessed in so doing. I cannot give you any better advice than to go to the Lord, with full assurance, in every time of need. I would like very much to see your little charge; but some time or another I shall have the pleasure, I suppose. Write soon to me, and I *will*, if spared, answer. When do you come to town again? Remember me to Mr. S——, and take a great deal of love to yourself. I don't forget you in my supplications, and earnestly pray that you may be graciously supported under every discouragement. Come to town soon, if you can. Your affectionate niece,

"MARY HOWE."

TO THE SAME.

"*New-York, Feb.* 20, 1840.

"My Dear Aunt,—I have long (as usual) been desiring to write to you, but the many cares of this world have busied me so much, that the time for getting about it has been put off for a more convenient season; and it is a shame, too, for I do not consider it much of a

task to write a letter. But now I will try to make amends. I have sympathized in the afflictions of yourself and family, and prayed that you and yours might be blessed while enduring them. This has been a very trying winter in New-York; a great deal of severe weather, a great many fires, and some very destructive ones; work very scarce indeed; many poor women, who have always got along before, have not been able to refrain from asking charity this winter; and the ladies are put to their wits' ends to know how to keep many interesting cases from suffering, and not near the same amount can be obtained by begging now as last winter. Where five dollars could be procured formerly, one or two are now given, or perhaps less, and, in many instances, nothing. Your family are now quite comfortable. Your dear mother has been ill, but is much better. I expect to be with them to-morrow, to spend most of the day. Little William is very well, and is a real chatterbox. Aunt M. and uncle E. seem as happy as ever. W—— is tired trying to collect. He says the people hate the sight of him. I suppose you are sighing and wishing to see us all again. Well, we all have our little trials and difficulties; if it is not one thing it is another. All kinds of busi-

ness in the city is quite stagnated. Almost all have to curtail expenses, if they mean to pay their debts; and all are talking of hard times: but we live in hopes of better things, and you know I am always for looking at the bright side of the picture.

"*Feb.* 28.—I had to put this letter by, but hope to finish it to-night. Religious feeling, in a great many churches in the city, is reviving. Many members have been added to Dr. Skinner's church, and accessions also have been made to all the Methodist churches in the city; one hundred in Forsyth-street since new year. I am informed, too, that there has been much stir in all the Dutch Reformed churches. In Baltimore, it is said fifteen hundred have united with the Methodist Episcopal Church this winter. I suppose you have heard that Miss —— professed a change on new year's morning. At a love-feast, she went forward voluntarily as a member of our church. Her friends were of the opinion she would join the Episcopalians. When aunt told the children that she had experienced religion, one of her little sisters says, 'She'll help ma to work now, and wash the dishes;' and her little brother added, 'Ma, she'll mend my clothes now, won't she?' rightly supposing that she would be industrious.

"I feel, my dear aunt, that the Lord greatly blesses me in all things. I have good help, and a goodly measure of his Holy Spirit in my heart; and whatever *little* trials I have, I find them of use to wean me from the world, and draw me nearer to the Saviour. I am endeavouring to love and serve the Lord; and I find in his service pleasure and delight that nothing else can give. How is it with you, dear aunt I——, in your afflictions? Has your mind been stayed on the heavenly Prop? Have you felt the presence of your Lord and Saviour? Can you cast all your burdens upon him, as *your* all-sufficient Saviour, knowing that he careth for you? 'He is not a priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was, in *all points*, tempted like as we are.' O! believe that there are rich blessings in store for you, when you reach out the hand of faith to receive them: reach it forth and take them, to comfort your heart. Rejoice in the Lord, and be glad. I trust next summer to visit you, Providence permitting, and see your new place, which I am told, by all who have been there, is convenient and pleasant. Much love from Mr. H. to yourself and Mr. S., and remember me also to cousin S——s, and tell him, for me, that as an earthly tie has been severed by the hand of

God, to seek comfort for his wounded spirit by taking hold on the merits of Christ *his* Redeemer. May the Lord be with you both, and keep you unto the end of life. So prays your affectionate niece, MARY HOWE."

TO THE SAME.

"*New-York, June* 16, 1840.

"Dear Aunt,—I promised to write to you, and intended to do so a week ago, but put it off. Aunt Mary was here this morning, and said she was so much engaged that she did not know *what to do* first; and that they received a letter from you, and that she could hardly find time to answer it; so I told her I would do it for her this evening. You beg for a visit from some of us. Well, aunt M. has just concluded to go to Auburn, and therefore must defer her jaunt to Danbury for the present. Next Saturday she expects to go to Rye, and when she returns, get ready to go to Auburn, which will occupy four or six weeks; and after that go to see you, and spend some weeks with you. She could go now, she says, for a little time, but would rather wait until she can stay longer. Sister Elizabeth talks strongly of going soon to see you, and wants me to go with her, but Providence does not clearly say, Go.

"*June* 26.—You see, my dear aunt, by this date, that some days have elapsed since I wrote the above; but it has appeared to me unavoidable. I have been so engaged with company, both at home and abroad, (it being conference time,) that I could hardly discharge my own proper duties. Bishop S—— and wife have been in town. Mrs. S. seemed delighted to see all her old friends. She has not been in New-York since I was three years old. What changes have taken place since that period! Wednesday evening of this week we had little Frances* baptized at home, by brother J. B. Stratten. Well, I feel inclined to accept your kind invitation, and come to Danbury. I expect either Elizabeth or Anna will come with me, if agreeable. They are both drooping very much. I cannot take time to write any more, but say I hope soon to see you. Remember us to Mr. S. From your affectionate niece,

"MARY HOWE."

TO THE SAME.

"*New-York, July* 16, 1840.

"Dear Aunt,—I sit down this warm evening to write a few lines to you. I reached home very comfortably, although it began to rain be-

* Her babe.

tween one and two o'clock. J. M. was at the dock, and I found acquaintances on board. The weather is distressingly hot. If it is no warmer this week in Danbury than it was last, you have no reason to complain of the heat.

"The thermometer stands eighty-six degrees in Mr. Howe's room, in the window by the shade, and the streets are very offensive. I found things in good order at home, and Mr. H. so busy, that I could hardly speak to him after *entering* the house, until evening.

"On Monday we had a letter from Dr. Ramadge, in which he stated that he wished to present his adopted daughter with a silver cup. He seems to take it as a great compliment to have a namesake on this side the Atlantic. He is also highly pleased with Mr. Howe's edition of his work. If any Danbury folks should come to the city, and I knew where to find them, I would embrace the opportunity to send you something occasionally, which would, perhaps, contribute to your comfort. In much haste, from your affectionate niece,

"MARY HOWE.

"P. S. Do write soon, and tell us how you get along."

CHAPTER VI.

HER CONSISTENCY OF CHARACTER.

"O may I show the Spirit within
Which purges me from every stain,
Unspotted from the world and sin,
My faith's integrity maintain;
The truth of my religion prove,
By perfect purity and love."

MRS. HOWE seemed ever to realize, that from the relation she sustained to God and the church, being a professed follower of the meek and lowly Saviour, she was under the highest possible obligations not only to abstain from evil, but from its very appearance; and that upon the consistency of the characters of Christians depended, in a great measure, the conversion and salvation of the world. She therefore sedulously endeavoured to have her conversation such as became one professing godliness. Her excellent health, temperance in the use of all things, natural buoyancy of spirits, unusual strength of mind, which the trivial affairs of life could not disturb, and the knowledge of the approving smiles of her heavenly Father, rendered her uniformly cheerful. Grace had made her patient, long-suffering, and kind; and it was

her constant aim to attain to that elevated position in Christian experience where every passion and desire should be sweetly swallowed up in love. The characters of others were safe with her. If she had nothing good to say of one, she avoided saying any thing evil. To slander and backbiting she was totally a stranger. She had the moral courage, in an unusual degree, to tell her friends plainly and pointedly their faults in the most frank, yet kind manner; and if they were such as the word of God condemned, to remind them of the consequences of such impropriety. She was intelligent on subjects generally, and had considerable conversational abilities. There was much originality in her style of thought, which led her frequently to differ from others; and when she had formed an opinion on any subject, she was by no means backward in defending her views, which she was accustomed to do in clear and forcible language, though in a very modest manner; and her reasoning was often so conclusive, as to convince others that she had formed a correct estimate of the subject. She loved to converse on practical religion; and when she could, with propriety, she would introduce religious conversation, to which she was the more prompted by the great solicitude she ever felt

for the conversion of all with whom she had any intercourse, feeling that she was, in some measure, personally responsible for bringing them to the Saviour, and that to effect this, she must at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, be a consistent Christian. She realized, that to be a Christian, in the proper sense of the word, every thing must be brought into subjection to Christ; and where this was the case, it would ever exhibit itself in one's outward appearance and deportment. In dress she was careful to avoid putting on any thing that might engender pride in her own heart, or be a stumbling block in the way of others. Ornaments were entirely dispensed with. She was plain and unostentatious, but neat in her appearance, and in her deportment gentle and easy; and though she did not reject the accomplishments of female education, yet there were many of the embellishments (falsely so called) that her judgment would not allow her to indulge in, or to approve in others. Her adornment may, with much propriety, be said to have been that recommended by the apostle, 1 Pet. iii, 3, 4, "Not that outward adorning of plaiting of the hair, and wearing of gold, or putting on of apparel, but the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament

of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

Her embellishments were those of the mind and heart; and though, to a casual observer, they might not have been discovered, as her manners were quite retiring, yet one could scarcely become acquainted with her, even for a short period, without discerning so many excellences, as to be deeply interested in her. Children loved her for her gentleness, playfulness, and attentions; and persons of maturer years for her intelligence and matronly deportment, combined with youthful vivacity and good sense. Nor were the favourable impressions thus made effaced upon a closer acquaintance; but as she became more intimately known, these feelings ripened into a lasting friendship, and not unfrequently into a still warmer attachment. Even with those who differed from her in opinion, so becoming was her manner of expressing herself, that they could not but esteem and respect her character, whatever estimate they may have placed upon her sentiments.

Mrs. Howe was always remarkable for her diligent improvement of time. Prior to her marriage she was fully occupied in aiding her mother in superintending the domestic affairs of a large family, assisting her in teaching, advancing

her own education, discharging numerous duties arising from her relation to the church, and the benevolent societies with which she was connected. These, with her private duties, and occasionally a few hours of innocent and healthful relaxation, which she improved in the society of much-loved young friends, left her no moments or hours of idleness for the enemy of souls to take advantage of.

"With her no melancholy void,
No moment linger'd unemploy'd,
Or unimproved below."

After her marriage, being placed at the head of a considerable household, she was no less employed. She retained the most lively interest in her own dear parents' concerns, and ever endeavoured to do all in her power to lessen their burden, and particularly to sustain her beloved mother under peculiarly distressing and afflictive circumstances. The welfare of her brothers and sisters lay near her heart; and what time she could appropriate, in serving them, she cheerfully contributed. She was likewise diligent in superintending her domestic affairs, in doing which, each day had its appropriate duties, care being had that one thing did not interfere with another; in endeavouring to improve the minds and morals of all in the

family; in doing good, in various ways, to all who came within her influence, and in cultivating a growth of grace in her own soul.

Her religious views were enlarged, and free from bigotry; nor were the writings of pious authors of other denominations undervalued. Her reading was carefully chosen, those works being selected which, in her estimation, were the best calculated to strengthen devotional feelings, and give her a clearer insight into the character of her heavenly Father, and more fully open to her view the plan of salvation by Jesus Christ. A novel was never seen in her hands. Time was too valuable to be spent in this way. She could not be satisfied to consume her precious moments in reading, without getting some knowledge for her mind or soul—something that would make her wiser and better, and something of some practical use, or that would tend to raise her affections to things above. The poor ever shared her warmest sympathies; and seldom or never was she without having more than one poor widow or family, in whose behalf she was specially exerting herself. In visiting, she went where duty called her. Often the kind invitations of friends would have led her to enjoy their agreeable society and hospitality; but the multiplicity of claims upon her

time rendered it necessary that she should deny herself these privileges; and, with the exception of a little circle of friends, whose minds were cast in a similar mould with her own, especially in reference to spiritual things, her visits were only made where there was some prospect of her being able to do some good, either temporal or spiritual. She took a comprehensive view of the circle of her extensive acquaintance, of the members of the church, and especially of the aged, the poor, and the sick, for whom she was ever ready to exert herself to the extent of her abilities.*

The writer well remembers, that one of the first interviews he had with her, was in a little hovel, by the bed-side of a dying consumptive. Day after day, for weeks, had she visited this poor sufferer, carrying with her little articles to contribute to his comfort, to smooth his descent to the grave, and to try, by the blessing of God, to be instrumental in bringing the wanderer back to Christ. Once he enjoyed religion; once had sunny days, with flattering prospects. He had graduated at a college, and

* "Wherever I visit among the poor of this neighbourhood," said an active member of the Greene-street church, after her decease, "I find she has been before me, and has, in every case, left a blessing behind her."

a theological seminary, in prospect of devoting his life to the ministry. Subsequently he had married, and had a family; but intemperance had proved his ruin; rum had brought him to a level with the lowest, and now he was near the close of life. She was especially interested for the salvation of his soul; that, ere he departed, an evidence might be given that he had regained the favour of Him whose grace he had abused, and into whose presence he was soon to appear, to receive for the things done in the body. As the sands of life were fast ebbing out, and his strength rapidly lessening, and the work not yet wrought in his soul, she was constrained to call upon the writer to visit him too; to aid in directing him how to appropriate the benefit of the Saviour's death, by faith, to himself, so that salvation might come to his soul: and it is pleasing to reflect, also, that ere he departed, though he had wandered so far from the Lord, he gave some evidence that he had obtained mercy.

February 12, 1836, she writes,—"Heard an excellent sermon from Rev. ——, from, 'Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me;' and, after church, made two calls, one on a poor man dying with consumption. He has spent his life in folly's ways, and is now suffer-

conversation the store-keeper remarked, that he had just received a choice selection of butter, and desired Mr. H. to look at it, which he declined. Upon his return home he mentioned it to Mrs. H., desiring her to call and examine it, which she did. No sooner, however, had she entered the store, than her eye at once glanced round to ascertain whether it was a temperance store; and upon spying some casks in the far end of the store, she put the question, "Do you sell liquor?" to which the store-keeper replied, endeavouring to screen himself as well as he could, that they did not sell it by the glass, but only in larger quantities. "Ah," said she, "we cannot trade with you." She then, in a kind manner, expostulated with the man, endeavouring to convince him that he was doing wrong. Upon her return home, some question was asked about the butter, to which she answered, "They sell liquor, and we must not buy there." Mr. H., not feeling at the time so sensibly the correctness of her views, remarked, that he did not think it the better way to have no dealing with them at all; to which she replied, "How can you say so?" a tear starting in her eye. "O John, think of the widows and orphan children made beggars by these men, and then tell me if you can patronize the

rum-seller!" The argument was irresistible, and there ended our traffic at rum-selling stores.

The principle which ever actuated her, was a sense of duty. No one who knew her could, for a moment, suppose that she did what she did to court the smiles of her associates, or that she was hindered by the consideration of what they might think or say. Her plainness of speech, the unequivocal manner of her address, her gentleness, kindness, and the sincerity which ever accompanied all her efforts, too plainly bespoke the feelings of her heart, carrying with them ample conviction that she was prompted by higher motives, and acting as in the presence of Him who is invisible. The approbation of a good conscience, the approving smiles of her God, and the final plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant," were the motives which urged her forward. At times she had her conflicts between self-indulgence and duty, between the love of self and the love of Christ; but though the contest might be hard, it ever resulted in a fixed determination to do right. She used often to say, with emphasis, "I will do right;" meaning, at whatever sacrifice. Nor was it enough that she did well; but she felt that constant watchfulness and prayerfulness were necessary, lest she should

ever get wearied in well doing, and, after all, lose her own soul. She ever felt the risings of gratitude for the innumerable blessings which she enjoyed, and that her obligations were commensurate with her privileges to love and serve the Lord with all her soul, as long as she lived; and though she thus aimed to do good, yet upon an examination of her own heart, she felt that her services were very imperfect, and that, after all, she was an unprofitable servant; and the argument she ever used before the mercy-seat was, I am a sinner, but Jesus died for me.

"Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Must surely come from thee."

Her reliance for acceptance with God was altogether on the atoning merits of the Saviour, and by the agency of the Holy Spirit she felt the evidence communicated to her soul that she was a child of God, and cleansed from all sin, causing her to abhor sin in all its various forms. Her constant aim was, to present her whole being as a living sacrifice to God, and that all her outward acts should bear the impress of her inward emotions. The worth of souls lay near her heart; and no duty in perspective was too hard for her, if the Lord called to its perform-

ance. She was not calculating on a life of ease or self-enjoyment; but, with a comprehensive view of the wants of the world, impressed upon her mind even from a child, she looked forward to a time when it would be her privilege to be a self-sacrificing missionary, in her capacity, either at home, or on some foreign field of labour. The success of ministers at home, and missionaries abroad, lay with weight upon her heart; and daily did her prayers ascend to God for their preservation and success in promulgating the gospel. The Bible cause, tract distribution, and especially the interest of the sabbath school, enlisted her heartiest co-operation. While at home, when but a child, when her parents were providentially prevented from being present at family prayers, she would lead in the devotions, and at the table would ask a blessing upon the food provided; and never, after she was placed in the relation of wife, during the absence of Mr. H., did she suffer these duties to be neglected. She was active in the cause of religion, and felt that every day should be improved in doing something for God and for precious souls. The following extracts from her letters and diary will afford the reader a clearer view of the exercises of her mind on many interesting topics.

TO HER SISTER ELIZABETH.

"*Tuesday evening, Aug.* 18, 1835.

My Dear Elizabeth,—I commenced with a pen that lay in the inkstand, without trying whether it was good or not, and the consequence is, the first word is blotted. I suppose you are waiting for an apology for my not writing before. Well, the only one I have to offer is, that I did not wish to write until I could inform you that the children were better.

"Rev. Mr. M'Cutchen is very ill indeed, and is not expected to recover. Poor young man! he will be cut off in the very prime of life; but the Lord knows best. The first number of the new magazine has come out, and the children were rewarded with it on sabbath. Mr. L. has a piece in it which is very excellent, and, as usual for him, *simple*. Our school was extremely thin on sabbath, nine of the teachers being in the country; and in the afternoon Miss T—— was absent, so the whole care devolved on me. The camp meeting was an excellent one.

"We had a very interesting teachers' meeting last evening. You cannot tell how strange the house and every thing about it seems without the children. I miss them very much.

Write very soon. Good night. Give my love to aunt Eliza. Your affectionate sister,

"MARY."

TO MISS LILA ALLEN.

"*March* 10, 1836.

"Dear Lila,—I suppose that unless I write, you will think I do not care any thing about you; but if this be your reasoning, I do not know what you ground it upon. I really hope you are enjoying yourself very much at your new residence. The winter has been very severe in a number of ways. Snow has been upon the ground since the second sabbath in January. At present the weather is very mild, and it rained in quite April style this afternoon; but we must not conclude that all the cold is past. Sister Elizabeth and I attended three lectures at the new university, on physiology, by Dr. Sleigh. We were very much pleased, and gained considerable knowledge on the different functions of animal life, &c. We are getting along very well in our French. Our Saturday evening Bible class has been given up, in order to have a meeting something like that held in Allen-street on Saturday evenings. We have had no special revival, yet a good spirit seems to be deepening among the members of late.

Now good by. Be a good girl; and believe me to be, yours affectionately,

"M. MASON."

TO THE SAME.

"*April* 13, 1836, *twelve o'clock, M.*

"Dear Lila,—It commenced snowing about seven o'clock this morning, and it has just stopped, leaving the walks, &c., covered to the depth of four inches. We surely have had a very remarkable winter as to its length, and quantity of snow; although to me the time has passed agreeably, and consequently quickly. O how our time flies from us! Let us endeavour to improve it to advantage. I could write a long letter, but circumstances will not justify me in so doing. I had anticipated to revisit Philadelphia before this, this spring, but the arrival of Miss A—d—w, and several other circumstances, have prevented it. A week ago, Monday, I called at Mrs. B—t—g's, just as Miss L. was perusing your aunt's letter, and was glad to learn that you were both well. Last Friday I went to the Battery, and ascended to the summit of Castle Garden. I need hardly say, the prospect was very pleasing. Mr. Finney's new church was opened last sabbath, under the title of the Tabernacle. It is

situated in the interior of a block between Broadway, Elm, Anthony, and Leonard-streets. Sarah J—k—n, at the Refuge, has been sent to Illinois to reside. Miss Susan D. has been confined to the hospital two months, with a very severe sickness; but she is now better. Ma had a long conversation with her on Tuesday. She seemed very glad to see her. Lila, let us take warning from her case, to take heed how we stand, lest we should fall. We are young, and a thousand snares lie in our path to turn our feet (or, literally, our hearts) from that which is right and good. Let us cultivate a spirit of prayer and watchfulness, in order that we may be strengthened to do right. I hope you are endeavouring to serve the Lord. Remember me in your prayers; and I trust that, before long, we shall have the pleasure of welcoming you here. Excuse my writing, as I am in such haste that I cannot stop for penmanship. Write again. Yours, affectionately,

"M. MASON."

TO HER SISTER ELIZABETH.

"*Pemberton, Sept.* 25, 1836.

"My Dear Sister Elizabeth,—I feel just in the mood to scribble a letter off-hand, although it is past ten o'clock, P. M. Mr. Bunting has

doubtless told you that I arrived safely at Crosswicks; and I have to add, that the ride from there to this place was very pleasant.

"I attended meeting last evening, and heard Mr. A—— deliver a very excellent discourse. This morning I spent at home; but this afternoon, before three o'clock, Anna and I went to a quilting party, and we did not return again until half-past nine, P. M. I will tell you more about the quilt, which is very pretty, when I come home: suffice it to say, that I had rather buy a Marseilles and have done with it, than put the work on which has been wasted on that. I found the family here pretty well; the children are all just getting better of the whooping cough. Every thing appears about as it used to; but I miss Mrs. Bryan very much: it seems very lonely not to hear the sound of a mother's voice in the house.

"There! the old clock has just struck eleven.

"I occupy the same room that we did, and I am standing writing by the bureau.

"It was so cold this morning that I had the foot-stove brought out for my use; and on Sunday morning, after six o'clock, I saw frost on the clover at Mr. B.'s.

"The girls, at the quilting, did nothing in

the way of conversation but talk about the beaux and their neighbours. I got surfeited, and wished I was far off, or alone, before tea-time. I thought of Philadelphia a good many times.

"At Mr. B——'s I rode three times round the lawn, on Mrs. B.'s saddle horse, without falling off, or crying out, as I fancy you would have done. I am going to Mount Holly on Wednesday, and on Saturday to Crosswicks, and shall be home, I think, on Monday or Tuesday. Elizabeth, this ink is not as good as that we have home: see how it blots. What about the southern folks? It seems strange for me to be unoccupied on Saturday, and no Sunday school duties to-morrow. I really grieve to be gone two Sundays. My love to father, mother, and all the children. Tell Jane A. to be a good girl till I return.

"Try and keep a good stock of patience in reserve against you need it for the children, Lib. Tell them all to save you trouble: they might just as well behave right for a week or so. Good night, and pray much for me. I have considerable time to be alone, which I enjoy, and endeavour to improve; but, dear sister, the thoughts of last summer rush to my mind, but I try to bear up against them, and think all is for the best. The tears stand now

in my eyes, and a sigh escapes me, but no matter. Write as I told you: don't put off. From your very affectionate sister

"MARY."

"*Sunday, October* 2, 1836.—The last week has been to me one of constant action in many ways, but I am ashamed to say that, as to spiritual work, I have given too little attention to it; and this evening I find myself deficient in that devout and religious feeling which I have so lately been privileged to share in, (but it is all my own fault, I know.) O! this treacherous heart cannot be depended on a moment. I found it impracticable to attend class on Friday, and I feel the loss of it sensibly.

"*Tuesday evening, Oct.* 25.—Went to market before breakfast this morning; at half-past nine o'clock took my music lesson; at twelve o'clock my French; after that, school till nearly four o'clock; then domestic concerns occupied me until tea-time; and this evening attended singing school. It was, altogether, I suppose, to all present an agreeable meeting; but for me there was a great deal too much trifling. Strange that so many seem to think that at a singing school they must amuse themselves with mirth. O that they would learn, not only

to praise God with their lips, but with all their hearts likewise. However, I feel it to be duty to go.

"*November* 17, 1836.—I feel this evening like an unfortunate girl. To-day I have lost an elegant silver-case pencil, which mother presented to me as a birth-day token last August; and this evening I lost half an ounce of sewing silk, which I had purchased in the afternoon about two weeks ago. I lost (at class, I think) a superior penknife, which ma gave me about six weeks ago. Now, if I were satisfied there was no carelessness in these incidents, I would not grieve much about them; but when I feel convinced that they were caused by inattention, I am provoked at myself. It seems to me a train of mishaps has been my portion lately. I do not enjoy my mind well. I feel scarcely any freedom in prayer, and as though my heart is too cold and indifferent.

"*Nov.* 21.—Rose late this morning, and found it raining. It seemed rather gloomy, but I felt in tolerable spirits. Embraced the opportunity of calling on the Lord. I find I get along better through the day by asking God's blessing upon it. Shortly after, it cleared off beautifully, and is now very mild for the season. The weather quite exhilarates my spirits, and I

feel tempted to enjoy a walk; but as I have so much business on hand at home, duty requires me to deny myself. This evening attended Sunday school teachers' monthly meeting for business: it was very interesting, and many resolutions were formed for the welfare of the school, which, if kept, will result in good.

"I have been enjoying the prospect from the house-top, rendered charming by the mild beams of Cynthia. It is now nearly twelve o'clock, P. M., and I must seek repose in sleep, and try to have a thankful heart for the mercies of this day.

"*Nov.* 29.—This month is almost gone. It seems to have passed very quickly to me; but I have been busy, very busy, all the time. Yes, I find that the concerns of the body and of the house have engaged my attention too much for my spiritual welfare. It does not appear to me that I have gained one inch of ground, and I am ready to cry out, O my leanness, my leanness! O, I wish I could learn the happy art of being faithful in business, fervent in spirit, yet serving the Lord! To-day I have given way to much mirth, but do not feel particularly condemned about it, as I think the causes were ample excuses; but I am not at liberty to mention them in detail here, more than to remark, that they

originated in certain private family transactions last evening, and have caused the family much amusement to-day. Went to singing school this evening: it was pleasant, although, as usual, too much trifling was allowed to mingle with solemn words sung. Last sabbath evening heard Dr. Fisk, who has recently returned from Europe, preach in the Mulberry-street chapel from, 'He came unto his own,' &c. I think I was some edified; but my heart felt very hard and cold. O when shall I live as I should!

"*Troy, June* 1, 1837.—Left New-York, in company with sister Anna, yesterday morning about six o'clock, and arrived at this delightful city a little past eight o'clock, P. M. Found only one or two persons in the boat with whom I had any acquaintance. Mrs. H. (a Methodist travelling preacher's wife) was on board, with a babe with her but thirteen weeks of age: I found considerable amusement in helping her to tend it, and was much pleased with her conversation. I feel myself quite at home at the house of our dear friend, Mr. Filer. He and his lady are upward of seventy years old, and when I was here two years ago I did not expect to see them again in this world; but the Lord has lengthened out the brittle thread of life, and they yet enjoy it.

To day (Thursday) I have spent very agreeably. This morning I went out about nine o'clock to see some acquaintances, and returned home at a little past twelve o'clock, noon. Spent the afternoon with aunt Filer. After tea some young ladies called for me, and we took a short walk, after which we went to church, and heard the Rev. Mr. Barnard preach a very plain and feeling discourse on holiness. Nearly every part of the church appeared natural to me; but when I looked at the congregation, and missed many who used to attend there, but who have now gone to their long home, I began to feel like shedding tears. O what changes have taken place within eight years!

"*Friday, June* 2.—After breakfast went, in company with Miss F. and sister Anna, to view the place, in the lower part of the town, where the hills caved in, or rather slid down, the first of January, 1837, destroying several lives, some cattle, and buildings. It made me feel deeply, while witnessing what effects are produced from materials with which we are so familiar, and over which we have so little control.

"*Thursday, Aug.* 10, 1837.—This day completed my nineteenth year. I believe I began resolutely to keep a journal at sixteen, and have continued it in a kind of half-way since. I feel

it to be a pleasing and profitable thing for me; although, in looking through the past, it makes me sometimes feel very serious indeed. It does not seem possible to me that I have numbered so many years: it appears but a short time since I was thirteen. Well, I have much to be thankful for—more than I ever had before. I feel that I am, though unworthy, a child of my heavenly Father. I have not served the Lord as I should have done; have had a few trials; but I know that they have been good for my welfare here, and perhaps will result to my advantage hereafter. And this evening it is my determination to live more up to the privileges that are given me, the Lord assisting. I want to be an humble Christian. I know I am too proud and wise in my own conceit; but I do not wish to be so any more. This evening I feel very comfortable; really happy in my mind, and tolerably contented, but rather lonesome, as my mother, the children, and especially my dear sister Elizabeth, whom I miss very much, are in the country. But when *all* earthly friends fail, I still can go to Jesus, whom I know to be my best friend."

TO HER SISTER ELIZABETH.

"*New-York, Aug.* 10, 1837.

"My Dear Elizabeth,—You doubtless remember that this is my nineteenth birth-day. It scarcely seems possible to me that I have so quickly gone through my teens; but so it is: and I feel thankful that I am so happy and pleasantly situated; more so, perhaps, than any of my acquaintance. My life, so far, has been as pleasant, even, and as comfortable as life generally is. What it will be hereafter I can't say; but I do not feel very anxious, for I believe, if I try to live religion, the Lord will open my way continually to that which is right. I feel that I have had a few real trials, but am confident they have been overruled for my own present, and probably for my eternal, benefit. Be this as it may, I do not expect to live without reverses here; and if I have grace given to sustain me, it is all I shall ask for, and more than I am worthy of.

"I had intended to spend to-day at Paterson, with Mrs. Holsman; but Miss T—pson could not accompany me, and I did not like to go without her: probably I may go on Monday next. I did not attend class last Friday, but hope to be there to-morrow.

"I hope you are enjoying yourself: indeed, I have no doubt but that you are. Do not give way too much to a trifling disposition, but remember to pray for yourself, and for your sister. I undertook to write with an old quill. You know how I abominate steel pens, but I am trying to use one. My love to Miss V., Lila, and respects to all the rest. Write soon to your affectionate sister

"MARY."

TO THE SAME.

"*New-York, Aug.* 14, 1837.

"My Dear Sister Elizabeth,—I have received both your letters, and I am very glad to hear that you and Anna are both so well, and are enjoying yourselves so happily at Rondout: but I must confess I was rather surprised at the very severe style of your scolding epistle; and if I were not pretty good natured sometimes it would have had a great deal of weight with me; but as I had written before I received it, I was not frightened at all. I know I promised you that I would endeavour to write on Monday, and felt unpleasantly about not promptly keeping my word, but did not think you would be so fretful. It is just like you; you knew very well if any of us were very sick, I would

have immediately written. All these things you should have pondered; but instead of this, I think you have manifested a *little* impatience. You see you fulfilled your promise of writing on Friday, to the letter, and were watching for me to fulfil mine, which, as from sufficient reasons, I did not do immediately, you chide me for procrastinating; and I expect I have got a sad character for that at Rondout; but I doubt whether I am much more given to it than my little sister: be this as it may, we both have our full share of it. Now this, I think, will do, and we had better forget and forgive. It is near eight o'clock, P. M. I am writing in our room. Maria has just run up with a letter in her hand to Anna, and she is reading your fiery epistle. I am writing in a great hurry, as I want to send this to Mr.—— this evening, so please excuse * * I have spent the time rather pleasantly, although I cannot find leisure to do half the things I intended.

"We have not heard from mother; but if I write to her, I shall not scold as you did. Father sends his love, and hopes you will both get and do all the good you can.

"Our friends are well, generally. I will write more particularly soon. Now I must bid you good evening. I will expect a letter on

Thursday or Friday. My love to Anna, and all the rest of the friends. Yours affectionately,

"MARY MASON."

"*Nov.* 29, 1837.—This evening my spirits are exceedingly buoyant, and I believe, if I had the opportunity, I would indulge myself right merrily: I have been drinking nothing more, however, than the best beverage the world can afford, pure cold *water*. The weather is very mild to-day, and the streets are very muddy, but I dare say it will be cold before next sabbath. The committee appointed to prepare for, and make arrangements in reference to, a celebration of our Sunday school on new-year's morning, met here this evening, and as we were all acquaintances and *friends*, we enjoyed ourselves in talking of, and devising ways and means for the bettering of, the condition of our school, which still, in a manner, hangs together. Since prayers, sister Elizabeth has communicated to me the intelligence that the sister I mentioned as sick, under date of October 15, is not expected to live until morning. This casts rather a damp over my feelings; but if she should die, I have no doubt but that she would go immediately to Jesus, whom I believe she loves with all her heart. There is some

hope yet left. I will pray that, if right, she may survive to adorn the profession of religion. Religion is not given to make our pleasures less, but to augment them, and render them sweeter. I would not be without the pleasure that a sense of the favour of God bestows upon me for any thing or things that I have ever seen, or ever expect to see. I know to-night that I love the Saviour, and that I love everybody, friends or enemies; and as for my brothers and sisters, and my nearer friends, I really think that I love them almost if not quite as much as myself.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.'

I humbly and ardently desire and intend to die in the possession of it."

Extract of a letter to Miss Filer, at a season when the family were much afflicted with sickness.

"*New-York, May* 2, 1838.

"Dear Elizabeth,—We have all enjoyed such uninterrupted health, that we feel as if we ought not to complain. The Lord gives us grace according to our day, and strengthens us to bear the burden. The city at present is very sick-

ly; hardly a family but what some member is more or less indisposed. Throat affections are very prevalent indeed; and last week there were eighty deaths of consumption reported. During this damp, disagreeable weather, your ma has been much on my mind. How does she endure her sickness? Give much love to her from me, and tell her I love her as much as ever, and often try to pray for her. Ma desires to be remembered to you all. I read of aunt M——n's death in our newspaper, and also heard of Mrs. A——s. But, dear Elizabeth, your tale of Mr. A——s affected me much. I hardly dare think he is among the living yet, but if he is, I hope his heart is as it should be. Yes, indeed, it is an awful thing for a young lady, and a professor too, to risk her happiness with one who does not know the Lord. Nothing could, it appears to me, be held out that would weigh one moment with me, apart from religion. Poor fellow! I tried to pray for him, but I am anxious to hear the result. Perhaps the supplications of his dear friends in Troy have been rendered a blessing. Tell M——y E. for me, if you please, to set it down as an irrevocable rule and principle, that whatever amiable, interesting, or irreproachable qualifications a young man may have, if he is

not religious, if he does not set the Lord before him in all his doings, not to think of him for a moment; let him go, and trust the Lord for a pious one to come along. Even if she does not enjoy religion herself, it would be better for one to be right, than for both to be wrong. I hope the Lord sustains you, dear Elizabeth, amidst the turmoils of your busy life. It gladdens me when I write to you, to think that you know how good religion is in times of trouble, and that you can understand the feelings of my heart so well. I trust that you may ever be sustained by the bread of life. I will send you by R——, who goes home next week, a report of the Female Missionary Society. Excuse, if you please, this imperfect letter, and write to me soon, as I am anxious to hear from your ma. My love to B——a T——e. Yours affectionately, M. MASON."

TO ELIZABETH AND ANNA.

"*August* 3, 1838.

"My Dearest Sisters,—I know I should have written, so that you could have received a letter to-morrow; but as I have not, you must remain in suspense, I fear, until Monday next. Aunt B. stayed here Tuesday night, and went to love-feast in Allen-street with mother. On Wed-

nesday morning, mother, aunt, myself, and all the children, took passage in the cars to forty-second street, and from there we walked three quarters of a mile to Mrs. M.'s, and I assure you the jaunt was very fatiguing for us, through the hot sun, and along the dusty roads; but when we arrived at the house we were delighted. It is a charming situation on the banks of the East River. We met with a hearty welcome, and spent a pleasant time until about half-past four o'clock, when we commenced our travel to the depot, and arrived in second-street about six o'clock.

"Yesterday I went to see Mrs. Machett; found her very poorly. There are no rational hopes that she will recover. She appears to be happy, and resigned to her fate. She expressed a wish that I would endeavour to find her sister-in-law, as she was anxious to see her once more. My spirits are very good, but I attribute it all to religion and anticipation. Without the grace of God I should fail in every respect; but with it, I shall succeed, if faithful. Well, good night. My best love to Miss V—p—k and Lila. I fancied, last evening, you were enjoying a delightful moon-light prospect from the piazza. Be good girls, discreet, sober, not busy-bodies; but you know all.

Remember me to Miss C——, and take much love from your affectionate sister

"MARY."

"*Aug.* 10, 1838.—This day completes my twentieth year. I can hardly realize that eight years have elapsed since I was but twelve. The time has passed rapidly with me; and, to my shame and sorrow, too great a portion of it has passed unimproved. I am thankful, however, that things have been no worse with me than they have. I have been blessed, from my infancy, with advantages of a superior kind, spiritual and temporal. Few, very few, comparatively, have been favoured with such privileges as myself. Religious instructions, ample opportunity for a liberal education, access to books treating on all useful subjects, and an extensive acquaintance with pious and well-educated people, have been my lot ever since I can remember. And as I grow older, I esteem more highly the intrinsic value of the instructions which I have received, and well know that the longer I live the more fully I will be brought to realize their worth."

TO ELIZABETH, LILA, AND ANNA.

"*New-York, Aug.* 18, 1838.

"I am surprised, dear girls, when I find more than a week has elapsed since I have written to you; but time will not wait for me more than for others. Do not think, however, that I have been idle or forgetful: every day it has been my intention to write; but this week I had to write to ——; and I completed a letter that I commenced last week to Miss F.: what else I have had to do I leave you to imagine.

"And now I have a melancholy tale to tell that will surprise you, and cause you to remember, more than ever, that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' Mrs. Seaman died last Monday night. We heard nothing of it until after the funeral, on Tuesday afternoon. She died suddenly, but I have not heard particulars. I hope her end was peace. It is a mysterious and severe trial indeed. After class-meeting I went to see Mrs. Machett,* and found her very

* This young woman married contrary to the wishes of her friends. About three weeks after, her husband brutally deserted her to the mercy of a cold world, with a broken heart and ruined constitution. Through the kindness of a relative, she found an asylum in the New-York Hospital, where, after lingering about a year, dur-

near her end. Her friends had been all day expecting her to expire every minute. I had not been to see her in a fortnight before, and yesterday I felt badly about going alone, but duty bid me go. She told Mr. W—h—d, two days ago, she wished very much to see me: he promised to get word to me, if he could, but failed, which I much regret. Yesterday she was very restless and weak, but perfectly rational; and as I could do her no good, but perhaps would only awaken thoughts that had better remain dormant, I refrained from going by the bed; yet I would gladly have spoken with her of the Saviour once more. The nurse says she appeared happy at times yesterday. It was about seven o'clock when I left. I then went to Renwick-street to inform her sister-in-law of her situation, and returned home just as it was growing dark.

"During the evening I was at aunt B.'s, and was up with William until twelve o'clock, looking over Mary Ann's papers, letters, &c. You would be surprised to see how neatly she has arranged and kept every thing. I do believe every love-feast ticket she ever had, even her

ing which she received every possible attention, she was released from her sufferings by death, leaving a satisfactory evidence that she died in the Lord.

probationer's ticket, is kept. Tickets she received at day-school, invitations, cards, &c., are all wrapped up in order. Dear creature, it seems as if neatness and order were perfectly natural to her. I took a lesson to myself for the careless manner in which I indulge; thinking, if I should be taken, my friends would have to regret my want of care. She was even so particular as to copy her letters to her correspondents.

"I received a letter from M——y B——. Poor girl! she complains of trials. But I must again say, Good night. Love to all. From

"MARY."

Extract from a letter written to her sister Elizabeth while at Rondout:—

"*Aug.* 23, 1838.

"In a few weeks, probably, I will have to leave you. I don't wish to be selfish; but now I long to have you back again with me. The tears are falling while I write and think of separation. Some talk of a mother's love being so peculiar; but I sometimes doubt whether it is stronger than a good sister's. Several times since you have been gone, ere going to bed, I have sat beside Jane, and wept at the

thought of leaving her, and of the change my absence will occasion. You have not yet had as much experience as I have; but the grace of God is sufficient for every thing that is right, and we often magnify anticipated trouble, so that when the reality comes we are constrained to laugh at our folly.

"Our church seems to be improving. Last sabbath the congregations were quite large. Mr. Chichester preached in the morning, from Mark xiv, 72, about Peter's faithlessness to his Master. The sermon was, as usual, in his peculiar style; but the application was excellent. Mr. Ferguson informed the congregation that in the afternoon he should take up the opposite subject; so he preached from Daniel's faithfulness after the king's decree, and the Lord's mercy to him. Not only was he saved himself, but the name of his Lord was published through all the land, by a royal proclamation, with orders that he alone should be worshipped. How pleased Daniel must have felt; and how miserable poor Peter, who brought himself into disgrace, and dishonoured his Master's cause among the wicked! I think the two sermons did much good. Well, good by: get all the good you can while you stay; and as for you, Miss Anna, I wish you would get over that

silly notion of being so alarmed at a thunder storm before you come home, for I expect we shall be visited with similar ones. From your affectionate sister, MARY."

TO MRS. AND MISS FILER.

"*January* 2, 1838.

"Dear Aunt and Elizabeth,—I commence a letter to you, and perhaps may finish it this evening, but if I do not, I hope to get it completed soon. The reason I write thus is, because I often commence letters to my friends, and am called to something else which requires to be done or seen to immediately, and then, by laying by a day or so, they become so uninteresting to me, that I throw them aside. Now, I have had it in my heart to write to you these two months; but having a great deal to say, I have been deferring it 'until a more convenient season;' but as that time does not come, I have just formed the resolution to seize the present moment. I don't remember that I promised to write to Elizabeth when she was in town last, but flatter myself that some word from the Mason family will not be deemed intrusive. I feel quite sure that my letter will have, at least, a holyday welcome. We are all, at present, in the enjoyment of tolerable health.

"We have lately attended Mr. Catlin's lectures, and were delighted with him. I think I never was so completely taken up with every idea of a lecture before. Some of his sayings I don't think I ever shall forget. Thomas was delighted beyond measure at his pictures; and the children all say, Mr. Catlin deserves every cent of his money. His gallery of paintings is now being exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute, immediately opposite Bond-street, and is but a few steps from our house. He has erected in the room the crow wigwam, brought from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. I presume you have read in the newspapers of the party of Indians who were in town at the time of the fair of our American Institute, and of their attending, by special request, Mr. Catlin's lecture, and as he had painted the portraits of many of these noble men, it gave to his pictures and to his statements (which some were disposed to doubt before) the stamp of truth, and clothed them with tenfold interest, as each man arose and stood a living witness to the identity of his likeness. Keocuch's wife arose, wrapped in her blanket, when her portrait was shown, which excited universal applause. But I dare say you have learned many of these particulars. The Mandan tribe (of which Mr.

Catlin spoke so much, about their different coloured hair, beauty of the females, &c.) is nearly extinct, from the ravages of the small-pox among them. Out of three thousand, only fourteen remain to tell the fate of their brothers; and the disease was also extending to adjacent tribes, and many poor Indians will die.

"Mr. Graham has been in town, lecturing on health and longevity. I attended some of his lectures with interest, and became more than ever convinced that nothing could excel cold water as a drink; but not becoming exactly a convert to his notions about eating, I have not adopted his course. Now I think of it, E., I wish to ask you whether you know any thing about the Orphan Asylum in Albany. Mr. G. cited *that* as an instance where had been proved the good effects of his regimen the last three years. Ask Miss O——n; if you do not know, perhaps she does; and if his course has been as beneficial as he represents that it has in their house, I think it would be well for some of you to visit their institution and satisfy yourselves about it; *then try the experiment* in Troy: it would cost less than the usual mode of meats, soups, &c.

"I have attended a lecture on elocution late-

ly, and was much pleased with it. We have not attended Mr. Buckingham's lectures yet, but purpose going to the chapel this month to a course on Palestine and Egypt. We heard Mr. Buckingham, however, at a temperance meeting in our own church, last Wednesday evening. He is a teetotaller to the extreme, which I think is doing well for a member of the British Parliament. Through the example of himself, wife, and little boy, on their passage over in the ship President, not a person who was present at their table but was so influenced by their example, as not to touch wine in their presence, after they had been to sea a few days; and in the hotel where he now stays, he says that six decanters of wine were placed on the tables every day, and every one was solicitous to drink to the health of himself, Mrs. B., and master B., and they would forthwith hold up their glasses of sparkling water to the glasses of wine, and one and another would say, 'Why, do you drink nothing but water?' to which they replied, 'No, nothing more; we prefer water, and feel better without wine;' and those at table seeing that such a man can be great, healthy, esteemed, and eulogized by thousands, without following this fashion, *have entirely quit* drinking wine at table, and the decanters stand

untouched, although he said he did nothing to prohibit it. What a worthy example! What would be the result if all our great men would be temperance men? Daniel Webster, for instance. I venture to say, if he would not touch wine, eloquent as have been his productions, his subsequent efforts would so much excel his former ones, that every candid person would acknowledge the irresistible effects of 'temperance in all things,' and the utter uselessness of all stimulating drinks to persons in health.

"New-year's calls were the rage yesterday, and I expect thousands of dollars were spent in receiving the gentlemen. It was an unusual sight to see a lady in the street; but you might see young men in groups of five, or eight, and even ten, going as if their lives depended on their accomplishing all their calls on new-year's day. You might see them standing at the corners, looking at their papers, thinking which way to go next, and which is the shortest cut. Do tell me how you do in Troy? I don't recollect about calls when I was there. We don't make any preparations. It is a fascinating, yet a dissipating way of spending the day. What is your opinion about it? The sabbath schools have been making quite a stir, in having their

anniversaries. One was held in every church on Christmas, new-year's day, or on the last sabbath, except old John-street. We held ours last sabbath: it was very interesting, although we did not do near as much as Allen or Bedford-street. Sister Jane A. recited a little piece, and spoke a hymn, which, as her manner was very interesting, excited the congregation considerably. She is a very sensitive child, and when she arose she almost wept, and the effort to overcome her feelings was apparent to every observer. But the Allen-street anniversary, which was held on Christmas, was so exceedingly interesting, that some of the congregation solicited to have it repeated on new-year's morning, which was complied with, and I availed myself of the opportunity to attend, and the place felt to me like a little heaven below. The singing, dialogues, addresses, and all the lessons, were calculated to create increasing zeal and love for the cause of Sunday schools. Brother Henry Moore and Mrs. Dr. Palmer are the superintendents; but, in addition to these, they have more efficient help than any other school of our churches. When you know of any friend coming to the city, get him to call, and I will send you the hymns and all the lessons which have been

printed. How I wish you were here to enjoy some of our advantages this winter! The city was never before so replete with interesting lecturers and meetings that I know of; at least, it appears so to me. Religion, however, is quite low in some of our churches. In Allen and Bedford-streets the good fire appears to keep burning. We anticipate some difficulty on the west circuit, on account of dividing the property of the circuit among the different churches. Next year, it is quite probable, each church will be a separate station. So we go, ever changing.

"On sabbath evening we had a little prayer meeting at family prayers, before we went to watch-night, and I enjoyed it more than I did the services in the church. I felt badly in reflecting that probably I should never spend another new-year's eve at home in the capacity that I now sustain; but I try to cast all upon the Lord, knowing that he careth for me. Of late I have enjoyed my mind very much: I feel that the Lord has overruled my ways the past year, and my determination is to trust him for the future. Affectionately,

"M. MASON."

The following extract from a letter to Miss E. Verplank was written at a season when the family were in great affliction:—

"*October* 20, 1840.

"The precious promises of God, to those under afflictions, have been blessed to all of us, and I believe we are all agreed, that if we look alone to him for succour and deliverance, we shall obtain it. I hope and believe the Lord will hear prayer.

"For my own part, I daily feel the absolute necessity of a clean heart, where Jesus shall reign supremely. A few days ago Mrs. Fletcher's dream about the little white spot in her heart, and the black all around it, came forcibly to my mind, and I have thought much of it since, and think my own heart is also in a similar state—too much black there yet, the carnal mind not being utterly taken away. I trust ere long, through the merits of Christ, I will be enabled to say it is cleansed white and pure. O pray for me, that this may be so; that my bent of sinning may be destroyed.

"It is true, as you say, we do not deserve a good character; it is the gift of God: yet it is very sweet for a rising family to have parents who are beloved, esteemed, and respected; it

gives a confidence and an impetus to young people's feelings and doings, and appears to them like a tower of strength and a safeguard. When one has had all this, and then fails, ah! who shall cover the defenceless head but the good Shepherd himself? Write soon, and give my love to Lila. From your affectionate

"MARY HOWE."

"My rest is in heaven, my home is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus's breast!"

CHAPTER VII.

PROSPECTS OF FUTURE LIFE.

"Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee, but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

FEW persons had more rational prospects of a protracted earthly existence than had Mrs. Howe. Her constitution was naturally excellent, and for several of the last years of her life she had enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. So promising were her prospects, in the estimation of her friends, that when they were led to single out a person who might be expected to live long, their minds were at once directed to her, while the thought that she was to be the victim of an early grave was scarcely ever indulged. This inference seemed the more rational, inasmuch as she was so conversant with most of the popular authors who have written on the physiology of the human constitution,

which was a study in which, for several years, she took the greatest delight.

Added to this knowledge, she was a paragon of temperance. Her diet was of the plainest kind, regard not only being had to the quality, but quantity. Her mind, however, was too well enlightened to permit her to reject the blessings of a bountiful providence on the one hand, or to abuse them on the other. For the last ten years of her life she had entirely abandoned the use of tea and coffee. This she was at first led to do on account of the headache; substituting in their place cold water, which she thought to be so conducive to her health, that she ever after continued it, except upon some occasions when, in company, she would use the more customary beverages, to avoid singularity, or giving inconvenience to her friends. With such excellent health, which was preserved by strict regard to the laws of life, she was enabled to perform the most active duties that devolved upon her; and, when occasion required, she was not at all disconcerted by performing any duty connected with her domestic concerns. She was accustomed to walk several miles in the day, which she did with the greatest ease. Added to her intelligence and strict temperance, her mind was uniformly

cheerful, which greatly tended to keep her whole system in the most perfect order. Such was her excellent health, and her knowledge of preserving it, and so flattering were her prospects, that Mr. Howe frequently found himself reflecting on what would probably be their different states after the lapse of a few revolving years. From his own feeble health he was led to conclude, that the time was not far distant when all his earthly toils would be ended, and she would be left to act her part in life alone. At such seasons he would contemplate her in the enjoyment of perfect health, resigned, useful, and happy, discharging her various duties with energy and fidelity, with a smiling rising family around her, the life of which was, her intelligence, deep piety, cheerfulness, and benevolence: and with a numerous circle of friends, the larger portion of whom would be among the necessitous poor. But alas! for all human calculations. Truly we know not what will be on the morrow. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Surely, "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

During her last summer, which was her twenty-third, some alterations were made in our dwelling, which, for the time, had greatly incon-

venienced her, causing her necessarily to exert herself more than usual, to which she cheerfully and patiently submitted. As the month of October came in, the whole was nearly completed. The carpenters and masons had left—all had been properly prepared, and the painters and paper-hanger were putting the finishing polish upon the whole. The border of the paper in her own room had been carefully selected by herself. It consisted of a beautiful new-blown flower, just matured, of the most delicate conformation and tints, embedded in a cluster of foliage rising out of a heavy dark ground. As the eye glances toward it now, silently it seems to say, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth." Some new furniture had been purchased and properly arranged, and the whole was nearly completed. While these alterations were making in the dwelling, the little garden was not forgotten: new beds were laid out, and additional shrubbery added. Among these were the piony, the lily, the pink, a variety of the rose, and other variegated flowers, all of which, in their turn, had shared our attention, and had been the subject of admiration. The grass and the foliage began to exhibit signs of the approaching change

of the season; the flowers mostly had fallen off. There remained, however, in one part of the garden, a dahlia-bush of crimson tint, and in another one of virgin white, which had scarcely yet come to maturity. The buds were beginning to open, giving promise of beautiful flowers, and day by day she watched their progression, while their variety and beauty excited her admiration. But ere these flowers were fairly matured, or the leaves had fallen from the branches of the shrubbery, or the grass had lost its verdure,—she was dead! She had fallen to the earth, and lay cold and lifeless. There stood the dahlias, in all their thriftiness; there was the shrubbery, the grass, the dwelling completed, the furniture arranged—all was in order—and in her own room there lay her lifeless body, bereft of the spirit! Wonderful transition! Yesterday she was in perfect health, her limbs were active, spirits buoyant, countenance animated, voice strong, and her prospect flattering! a fond mother, a loving sister, a happy wife, a devoted child of God, the sympathetic friend of the poor, and the life of her dwelling; to-day pale, altered, inanimate, dead! Yesterday a resident of earth; to-day an inhabitant of the skies! Yesterday clothed with mortality; to-day robed in immortality! Yes-

terday in a state of probation, pressing through innumerable difficulties to gain the blest haven; to-day safely moored in the port of eternal repose! Her last tear shed! her last sigh heaved! her last groan uttered! her last battle fought, and the victory won! Thus did she, in the bloom of her youth, pass away, leaving a precious remembrance behind her, having answered the great end of life. She perished not, however, as the flowers or the grass, by the gradual influence of the season, but as if the ruder blast of the hurricane had smitten her to the earth, or as if some unhallowed hands had plucked her up by the roots. Thus was she removed from this uncongenial soil, where she was exposed to the chilling winds of the wintry blast, and to the scorching rays of the summer's sun, to be transplanted in the paradise of God, there to bloom in immortal youth and beauty.

On Saturday, the 9th of October, after having made her customary arrangements for the sabbath, she retired, as was supposed, in ordinary health; but on the morning following she complained of being indisposed, and proposed sending for the family physician, a very unusual request for her. She continued ill throughout the day, but was not supposed to be dangerous, until a late hour of Wednesday night, when her

symptoms became somewhat alarming, and her mind at times a little flighty. On Thursday it was evident that her disease was assuming a more serious character, notwithstanding the spirited efforts of her physicians, and the almost unceasing prayers that were put up for her recovery. Throughout the day, during intense agony of body, she frequently called, "Mother, dear mother," exclaiming, "Now I see; yes, I do see; bless the Lord, I do see!" What she saw we cannot know; but conjecture asks, Was it the heavens opening to receive her? Was it the glory that awaited her? Was it a convoy of angels who had come to escort her spirit home? Was it the spirit of her beloved little sister Anna, for whom she ever retained so affectionate a regard? or of those of her former associates who had died in the Lord? Was it the blessed Jesus? Did she actually see, or was it a flight of the mind, or a view by faith? We may not know now; but whatever she saw, the sight gave her pleasure, causing her frequently to exclaim, "Bless the Lord! O bless the Lord!" Little else escaped her lips, save now and then calling the name of mother. Thus she continued throughout the day and night, and the following morning, suffering intense, increasing agony, until about twenty minutes past two

o'clock, P. M., on Friday, the 15th of October, 1841, when the silver cord was loosened, and the golden bowl broken, and her happy spirit released from all her sufferings. Subsequently her lifeless body was carried to the burial ground, followed by her bereaved relatives, and a large concourse of sympathizing friends, who in tears deposited it in the silent tomb, there to commingle with its mother earth; cheered, however, with the blissful hope, that in the resurrection of the just it will be reanimated, and "raised in glory."

She left an interesting little girl, two years old, and a babe of only five days, who, subsequently to her decease, was named Mary Mason. The latter survived its mother nearly six weeks, and expired, after about twenty-four hours' sickness, on Saturday evening, Nov. 20, and was interred on the sabbath following, at two o'clock, P. M., by the side of its mother.

"Sweet babe! thou glanced into our world to see
A sample of our misery;
Then turn'd away thy languid eye
To drop a tear or two—and die.

Sweet babe! thou tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up,
But turn'd thy little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste—and died.

Sweet babe! thou listen'd, for awhile, to hear
Our mortal griefs, then turn'd thy ear
To angels' harps, and songs, and cried
To join their notes celestial—sigh'd, and died!"

For days and weeks after her sudden departure, several of her friends called, as usual, upon her, and were overwhelmed with the intelligence of her decease. Among these were several poor persons, who had shared her sympathy and favour, whose hearts, for the time, were deeply rent, their tears and sobs exhibiting their sorrow; but after reflecting awhile, they would almost involuntarily add, "She was a lovely young woman, and my best friend, but she is better off now; she is in heaven:" and our hearts respond, She is better off now; she is in heaven.

REFLECTIONS.

In view of the many excellences of Mrs. Howe's character, present usefulness, future prospects, and the providence which so suddenly removed her, we are led to ask, Why was she thus removed? Why in the morning of life? Why so suddenly? and why under such circumstances? It would be difficult, indeed, for a finite being satisfactorily to answer why; but God, who is infinite in wisdom and goodness,

and who sees the end from the beginning, and knoweth all things, knoweth why; and though "clouds and darkness are round about him," in this dispensation, as in innumerable others, yet "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne;" and it becomes us cheerfully to acquiesce, and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," resting assured that a period will come when all the dark providences, however mysterious to us now, will be so explained that it will fully appear that infinite wisdom has done all things well. Then ask not why she was not permitted to tarry with us longer. No; rather let us cultivate a thankful heart that she was permitted to remain as long as she was, to exert so benign an influence in the circle of her acquaintance and in the church, and to leave us so consistent an example of Christian deportment, that we might be stimulated to follow her as she followed Christ; and instead of murmuring that she was removed from those she loved on earth, let us rather rejoice that she was thus early united to those she loved in heaven; to her Saviour, who she so often declared was more to her than all besides; and to the society of the angels of God and redeemed spirits of all ages. Having accomplished the great end of

life, in both doing and suffering the will of God, why should she not be removed to her reward? Having washed her robe and made it white in the blood of the Lamb, why should she not be received to the society of the redeemed? Having on the wedding garment, even the garment of holiness, why should she not be privileged to go in to the marriage supper? Having her harp strung, her voice tuned, and her heart fired with redeeming love, why should she not be permitted to join with the heavenly hosts and sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." As she had long been ripening for glory, and was now fully matured, why should she still remain, exposed to the tempests of time, to decay, to sorrow, and death? Why should she not be gathered into the garner of God? Why should the love of earthly friends hold her here, when the love of her heavenly friends, and especially the love of her Saviour, called her away? Peradventure she was taken from the evil to come. Had she continued here, trials, like a mighty tor-

rent, might have befallen her. Already she had encountered some storms: and though she is separated from much-loved friends on earth—friends who loved her in return—yet of how short duration is this separation! One by one, if faithful until death, we shall rejoin her, to part no more for ever. Already several of her dearest friends have followed her; and those who yet remain will soon hear the trumpet sound, and see the waves of Jordan divide. Yes,

> "We are to the margin come,
> And we expect to die."

> "Even now, by faith, we join our hands
> With those that went before;
> And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
> On the eternal shore."

There is comfort too in reflecting, that she was removed by the special order of providence—in God's own way, and in his own time. Though she is in heaven, and we on earth, yet in Christ we are still one—

> "Though now divided by the stream,
> The narrow stream of death."

On sabbath afternoon, the 24th of October following, the occasion was improved by a deeply solemn and impressive discourse, to a

large assemblage of friends and acquaintances, in the Greene-street M. E. Church, by the Rev. P. P. Sandford, from Psa. xxxvii, 37, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

And now, dear reader, had it been that the messenger had called thee instead of her, wouldst thou have been ready? would thy work have been done? O! if thou hast no assurance that it would have been well with thee, see to it, that the great work of thy soul's salvation be procrastinated no longer.

"Like the rivers, time is gliding,
Brightest hours have no abiding,
Use the golden moments well:
Life is wasting,
Death is hasting,
Death consigns to heaven or hell."

THE END.

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